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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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Save this

First ed. – very scarce.

Bindley, £3.. 4.

110 J(onson) B(enjamin)
-5. 6. his Humor
~~FIRST~~ EDITION

The Comicall Satyre of Every Man out of

4to. *for Nicholas Linge*, 1600

Sotheby
Time 12
1858.

The comicall Satyre of

EVERY MAN OVT OF HIS HVMOR.

As it was first composed by the Author B. I.

Containing more then hath been publikely spoken or acted.

With the seuerall Character of euery person.

*Non alienâ meo pressi pede | * si propius stes*
*Te capient magis | * & decies repetita placebunt.*

LONDON,
Printed for Nicholas Linge.
1600.

The names of the actors.

XG
396.2
1

ASPER, The Presenter.

MACILENTE. SAVIOLINA. SORDIDO. His Hind.

Puntarvolo, { His Ladie. / Waiting Gent / Huntsman. / Seruingmen. 2. / Dog and Cat. } *Fungoso*, { Taylor. / Haberdasher. / Shomaker. }

Carlo Buffone. *Sogliardo.*

Fastid. Brisk. { *Cinedo* his Page. } *Shift.* { *Rustici.* / A Groom. / Drawers. / Constable and Officers. }

Deliro. { *Fido* their Seruant. / Musitians. } *Cloue.* / *Orenge.*

Fallace.

GREX.

CORDATVS. *MITIS.*

ASPER *his Character.*

HE is of an ingenious and free ſpirite, eager, and conſtant in reproofe, without feare controulling the worldes abuſes; One whom no ſeruile hope of gaine, or froſtie apprehenſion of danger, can make to be a *Paraſite*, either to *Time*, *Place*, or *Opinion*.

MACILENTE.

A Man well parted, a ſufficient Scholler, and trauail'd; who (wanting that place in the worldes account, which he thinkes his merit capable of) fals into ſuch an enuious *Apoplexie*, with which his iudgement is ſo dazeled and diſtaſted, that he growes violently impatient of any oppoſite happineſſe in another.

PVNTARVOLO.

A Vaine-glorious Knight, ouer-Engliſhing his trauels, and wholly conſecrated to *Singularitie*; the very *Iocobs* ſtaffe of Complement: a Sir that hath liu'd to ſee the *reuolution* of *Time* in moſt of his apparrell. Of preſence good ynough, but ſo palpably affected to his owne prayſe, that for want of flatterers, he commendes himſelfe to the *ſloutage* of his owne familie. He deales vpon returnes, & ſtrange performances, reſoluing, in deſpight of publique deriſion, to ſticke to his owne particular *fashion*, *phraſe*, and *geſture*.

CARLO-BVFFONE.

A Publike-ſcurrulous, and prophane leſter, that (more ſwift than *Circe* with obſurd *Simele's* will transforme any perſon into Deformitie. A good Feaſt-hound or Banket-beagell, that will ſent you out a Supper ſome three mile off, and ſweare to his Patrons (*God dam me*) he came in Oares, when he was but wafted ouer in a Sculler. A ſlaue that hath an extraordinarie gift in pleaſing his Pallat, and will ſwill vp more Sacke at a ſitting, than would make all the *Guard* a *Poſſet*. His Religion is *Rayling*, and his Diſcourſe *Ribaldrie*. They ſtand higheſt in his reſpect, whom he ſtudies moſt to reproch.

PASTIDIVS BRISKE.

A Neate ſpruce affecting Courtier, one that weares clothes well, and in *Fashion*; practiſeth by his glaſſe how to ſalute: ſpeakes good Remnants (notwithſtanding the *Baſe-violl*, and *Tabacco*:) ſweares terſely, and with varietie, cares not what Ladyes fauour he belies, or great mans familiaritie: a good propertie to perfume the boote of a Coach. He will borrow an other

mans to prayse, and backes him as his owne. Or for a need on foote can post himselfe into credite with his Merchant, onely with the gingle of his Spurre, and the ierke of his Wand.

DELIRO.

A Good doting Citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the common Counsell for his wealth: a fellow sincerely besotted on his owne wife, and so rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holdes himselfe vnworthy of her: And in that hood-winkt humor, liues more like a suter than a husband; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made loue to her. He doth sacrifice two pence in *Iuniper* to her euery morning before she rises, and makes her with *villanous-out-of-tune musicke*, which she out of her contempt (though not out of her iudgement) is sure to dislike.

FALLACE.

Deliro's Wife and Idoll, a proud mincing Peat, and as peruerse as he is officious, shee dotes as perfectly vpon the Courtier, as her husband doth on her, and onely wants the *Face* to be dishoneſt.

SAVIOLINA.

A Court Lady, whose weightiest prayse is a light wit, admir'de by her selfe and one more, her seruant *Briske*.

SORDIDO.

A Wretched Hobnail'd Chuffe, whose recreation is reading of *Almanackes*; and felicitie, foule weather: One that neuer pray'd, but for *a leane Dearth*; and euer wept in a *fat Harueſt*.

FVNGOSO.

THe Sonne of *Sordido*, and a Student: one that has reuel'd in his time, and followes the Fashion a farre off like a *Spie*. He makes it the whole bent of his endeuours to wring sufficient meanes from his wretched Father, to put him in the Courtiers *Cut*: at which he earnestly aymes; but so vnluckily, that he still lights short a *Sute*.

SOGLIARDO.

AN essentiall Clowne, brother to *Sordido*, yet so enamour'd of the name of a Gentleman, that he will haue it though he buyes it. He comes vp euery Tearme to learne to take *Tabacco*, and see new *Motions*. He is in his Kingdome when he can get himselfe into company, where he may be well laught at.

SHIFT.

A Threadbare *Sharke* One that neuer was Souldior, yet liues vpon *lendinges*. His profession is *skeldring* and *odling*, his Banke *Poules*, and his Ware-house *Pill-hatch*. Takes vp single *Testons* vpon Othes till doomes day. Fals

vnder

vnder Executions of three shillinggs, and enters into fiue groat Bonds. He way laies the reports of *seruices*, and cons them without booke, damning himselfe he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the diet in a Bawdy house, or lay paw'd in his chamber for rent and victuals. He is of that admirable and happy Memory, that he will salute one for an olde acquaintance, that he neuer saw in his life before. He vsurpes vpon Cheates, Quarrels, and Robberies, which he neuer did, only to get him a name. His chiefe exercises are taking the *VVhiffe*, squiring a *Cocatrice*, and making priuy searches for *Imparters*.

CLOVE and ORENGE.

AN inseperable case of Coxcoms, city-borne: The *Gemini* or Twins of foppery; that like a paire of woodden Foyles, are fit for nothing, but to be practis'd vpon. Being well flatter'd, they'le lend money, and repent when they ha'done. Their glory is to feast Players, and make Suppers. And in company of better ranke (to auoyd the suspect of insufficiency) will enforce their Ignorance most desperatly, to set vppon the vnderstanding of any thing. *ORENGE* is the more humorous of the two (whose small portion of iuice (being squeez'dout:) *CLOVE* serues to sticke him with commendations.

CORDATVS.

THe *Authors* friend; A man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of his *Plot*. Of a discreet and vnderstanding iudgement, and has the place of a *Moderator*.

MITIS.

IS a person of no *Action*, and therefore we haue REASON to afforde him no *Character*.

IT was not neare his thought that hath published this, either to traduce the Authour; or to make vulgar and cheape, any the peculiar and sufficient deserts of the Actors: but rather (whereas many Censures flutter'd about it) to giue all leaue, and leisure, to iudge with distinction.

EVERIE MAN OVT OF HIS HVMOR.

Inductio, ſono ſecondo.

GREX.

Aſper, Cordatus, Mitis.

Cord. NAy my deare *Aſper*,
Mit. Stay your minde,
Aſp. Away.
Who is ſo patient of this impious world,
That he can checke his ſpirit, or reigne his tongue?
Or who hath ſuch a dead vnfeeling ſence,
That heanens horride thunders cannot wake?
To ſee the earth, crackt with the weight of ſinne,
Hell gaping vnder vs, and o're our heades
Blacke rau'nous Ruine with her ſaile-ſtretcht wings,
Readie to ſinke vs downe and couer vs,
Who can behold ſuch prodigies as theſe,
And haue his lips ſeal'd vp? not I: my ſoule
Was neuer ground into ſuch oylie colours,
To flatter Vice, and daube Iniquitie:
But (with an armed, and reſolued hand)
Ile ſtrip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth.
Cord. Be not too bold.
Aſp. You trouble me, and with a whip of ſteele
Print wounding laſhes in their yron ribs.
I feare no mood ſtampt in a priuate brow,
When I am pleas'd t'vnmaske a publike vice,

I feare no ſtrumpets drugs, nor ruffians ſtab,
Should I detect their hatefull luxuries;
No brokers, vſurers, or lawyers gripe,
Were I diſpos'd to ſay, they're all corrupt.
I feare no courtiers frowne, ſhould I applaud
The eaſie flexure of his ſupple hammes:
Tut, theſe are ſo innate and popular,
That drunken *Cuſtome* would not ſhame to laugh
(In ſcorne) at him, that ſhould but dare to taxe 'hem:
And yet not one of theſe but knowes his Workes,
Knowes what *Damnation* is, the *Deuill*, and *Hell*,
Yet howerly they perſiſt, grow ranke in ſinne,
Puffing their ſoules away in peri'rous aire,
To cheriſh their extortion, pride, or luſtes.

Mit. Forbeare good *Aſper*, be not like your name.

Aſp. O, but to ſuch, whoſe faces are all zeale,
And (with the wordes of *Hercules*) inuade
Such crimes as theſe; that will not ſmell of ſinne,
But ſeeme as they were made of ſanctitie;
Religion in their garments, and their haire
Cut ſhorter than their eie-browes, when the conſcience
Is vaſter than the Ocean, and deuours
More wretches than the *Counters*.

Mit. Gentle *Aſper*,
Containe your ſpirit in more ſtricter boundes,
And be not thus tranſported with the violence
Of your ſtrong thoughts.

Cord. Vnleſſe your breath had power
To melt the world, and mould it new againe,
It is in vaine to ſpend it in theſe moods.

Aſp. I not obſeru'd this thronged round till now:
Gracious, and kind Spectators, you are welcome,
Apollo, and the *Muſes* feaſt your eyes
With gracefull obiectes; and may our *Menerua*
Anſwere your hopes, vnto their largeſt ſtraine.
Yet here, miſtake me not iudicious friendes:
I doe not this to beg your patience,

Or

Or seruilely to fawne on your applause,
Like some drie braine, despairing in his merit:
Let me be censur'd, by th'austerest brow,
Where I want art, or iudgement, taxe me freely?
Let enuious *Critickes* with their broadest eies
Looke through and through me; I pursue no fauors:
Onely vouchsafe me your attentions,
And I will giue you musicke worth your eares.
O how I hate the monstrousnesse of time,
Where euery seruile imitating spirit,
(Plagu'd with an itching leprosie of wit)
In a meere halting fury, striues to fling
His vlc'rous body in the Thespian spring,
And straight leap's foorth a Poet; but as lame
As *Vulcane*, or the founder of Criplegate.

Mit. In faith this Humor will come ill to some,
You will be thought to be too peremptorie.

Asp. This Humor? good; and why this Humor, *Mitis?*
Nay doe not turne, but answere.

Mit. Answere? what?

Asp. I will not stirre your patience, pardon me,
I vrg'd it for some reasons, and the rather
To giue these ignorant wel-spoken daies
Some taste of their abuse of this word *Humor.*

Cor. O doe not let your purpose fall, good *Asper,*
It cannot but ariue most acceptable,
Chiefely to such as haue the happinesse.
Dayly to see how the poore innocent word
Is rackt, and tortur'd.

Mit. I, I pray you proceed.

Asp. Ha? what? what is't?

Cord. For the abuse of Humor.

Asp. O, I craue pardon, I had lost my thoughts.
Why *Humor* (as 'tis *ens*) we thus define it
To be a qualitie of aire or water,
And in it selfe holdes these two properties,
Moisture and Fluxure: As for demonstration,

Poure water on this floore, 'twill wet and runne,
Likewise the aire (forc't through a horne or trumpet)
Flowes instantly away, and leaues behind
A kinde of due; and hence we doe conclude
That what soe're hath fluxure and humiditie,
As wanting power to containe it selfe,
Is *Humor*: so in euery humane bodie
The choller, melancholy, flegme, and bloud,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receiue the name of Humors. Now thus farre
It may by Metaphore apply it selfe
Vnto the generall disposition,
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers
In their confluctions all to runne one way,
This may be truely sayd to be a Humor,
But that a Rooke in wearing a pide feather,
The cable hatband, or the three-pild ruffe,
A yard of shooe-tie, or the Switzers knot
On his French garters, should affect a Humor,
O, 'tis more than most rediculous.

Cord. He speakes pure trueth: Now if an Ideot
Haue but an Apish or Phantasticke straine,
It is his Humor.

Asp. Well, I will scourge those Apes,
And to these courteous eies oppose a mirror,
As large as is the Stage whereon we act,
Where they shall see the times deformity,
Anotamiz'd in euery Nerue and sinew,
With constant courage, and contempt of feare.

Mit. *Asper* (I vrge it as your friend) take heed,
The dayes are dangerous, full of exception,
And men are growne impatient of reproofe.

Asp. Ha, ha:
You might as well haue told me, yond' is heauen,

This earth, these men; and all had mou'd alike.
Doe not I know the times condition?
Yes *Mitis*, and their soules, and who they be
That either will or can except against me:
None but a sort of fooles, so sicke in tast,
That they contemne all Physicke of the mind,
And like gald Camels kicke at euery touch,
Good men, and vertuous spirits, that loath their vices,
Will cherish my free labours, loue my lines,
And with the feruor of their shining grace,
Make my braine fruitfull to bring foorth more obiects
Worthy their serious and intentiue eies,
But why enforce I this, as fainting? no:
If any here chaunce to behold himselfe,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong,
For if he shame to haue his follies knowne,
First he should shame to act'hem: my strict hand
Was made to ceaze on vices and with a gripe
Crush out the Humor of such spongie soules,
As licke vp euery idle vanity.

Cord. Why this is right *Furor Poeticus*;
Kind Gentlemen, we hope your patience
Will yet conceiue the best, or entertaine
This supposition, That a madman speakes.

Asp. What? are you ready there? *Mitis* sit downe;
And my *Cordatus*. Sound hoe, and begin:
I leaue you two as Censors to sit here,
Obserue what I present, and liberally
Speake your opinions, vpon euery Scene,
As it shall passe the view of these Spectators,
Nay now, y'are tedious Sirs, for shame begin:
And *Mitis* note me if in all this front,
You can espie a gallant of this marke,
Who (to be thought one of the iudicious)
Sits with his armes thus wreath'd, his hat pul'd here,
Cries meaw, and nods, then shakes his empty head,
Will shew more seuerall motions in his face

Than the new London, Rome, or Nineueh,
And (now and then) breakes a drie bisket ieſt,
Which that it may more eaſily be chew'd,
He ſleeps in his owne laughter.
Cord. Why? will that
Make it be ſooner ſwallow'd?
Aſp. O, aſſure you:
Or if it did not, yet as *Horace* ſinges:
" *Ieiunus raro ſtomachus vulgaria temnit,*
" Meane cates are welcome ſtill to hungrie gueſts.
Cord. 'Tis true, but why ſhould we obſerue 'hem *Aſper*?
Aſp. O I would know 'hem, for in ſuch aſſemblies,
Th'are more infectious than the Peſtilence,
And therefore I would giue them Pils to purge,
And make 'hem fit for faire ſocieties.
How monſtrous and deteſted is't to ſee
A fellow that has neither art nor braine,
Sit like an *Ariſtarchus*, or ſtarke aſſe,
Taking mens lines with a Tobacco face
In ſnuffe, ſtill ſpitting, vſing his wried lookes
(In nature of a vice) to wreſt and turne
The good aſpect of thoſe that ſhall ſit neare him,
From what they doe behold? O tis moſt vile.
Mit. Nay *Aſper*.
Aſp. Peace *Mitis*, I doe know your thought:
You'le ſay, your audience will except at this?
Piſh, you are too timorous, and full of doubt:
Then, he a patient, ſhall reiect all Phyſicke
'Cauſe the Phyſitian tels him you are ſicke:
Or, if I ſay that he is vicious,
You will not heare of vertue: come, y'are fond,
Shall I be ſo extrauagant to thinke
That happy iudgements and compoſed ſpirits
Will challenge me for taxing ſuch as theſe?
I am aſham'd.
Cord. Nay, but good pardon vs.
We muſt not beare this peremptorie ſaile,

But vse our best endeuours how to please.
Asp. Why, therein I commend your carefull thoughts
And I will mixe with you in industrie
To please; but whom? attentiue auditors,
Such as will ioyne their profite with their pleasure,
And come to feede their vnderstanding parts:
For these, Ile prodigally spend my selfe,
And speake away my spirit into ayre;
For these, Ile melt my braine into inuention,
Coine new conceites, and hang my richest words
As polisht iewels in their bounteous eares.
But stay, I loose my selfe, and wrong their patience;
If I dwell here, they'le not begin, I see:
Friendes sit you still, and entertaine this troupe
With some familiar and by-conference,
Ile hast them sound: now Gentlemen I go
To turne an Actor, and a Humorist,
Where (ere I do resume my present person)
We hope to make the circles of your eyes
Flow with distilled laughter: if we fayle,
We must impute it to this onely chance
"*Art* hath an enemie cal'd *Ignorance*.

Exit.

Cord. How do you like his spirit, *Mitis?*
Mit. I should like it much better, if he were lesse confident.
Cord. Why, do you suspect his merit?
Mit. No, but I feare this will procure him much enuie.
Cordatus. O, that sets the stronger seale on his desert, if he had no enemies, I should esteeme his fortunes most wretched at this instant.
Mit. You haue seene his play *Cordatus?* pray you; how is't?
Cor. Faith sir, I must refraine to iudge, onely this I can say of it, 'tis strange, and of a perticular kind by it selfe, somewhat like *Vetus Comœdia:* a worke that hath bounteously pleased me, how it will answere the generall expectation, I know not.
Mit. Does he obserue all the lawes of Comedie in it?
Cord. What lawes meane you?

Mit. Why

Mit. Why the equall deuision of it into Acts and Scenes, according to the Terentian manner, his true number of Actors; the furnishing of the Scene with *Grex* or *Chorus*, and that the whole Argument fall within compasse of a dayes efficiencie.

Cord. O no, these are too nice obseruations.

Mit. They are such as must be receiued by your fauour, or it cannot be Authentique.

Cord. Froth I can discerne no such necessitie.

Mit. No?

Cord. No, I assure you signior; if those lawes you speake of, had been deliuered vs, *ab Initio*; and in their present vertue and perfection, there had been some reason of obeying their powers: but 'tis extant, that that which we call *Comœdia*, was at first nothing but a simple & continued Satyre, sung by one only person, till *Susario* inuented a second, after him *Epicharmus* a third, *Phormus*, and *Chionides* deuised to haue foure Actors, with a *Prologue* and *Chorus*; to which *Cratinus* (long after) added a fift and sixt; *Eupolis* more, *Aristophanes* more then they: euery man in the dignitie of his spirit and iudgement, supplied somthing: and (though that in him this kind of Poeme appeared absolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the face of it chang'd since, in *Menander*, *Philemon*, *Cecilius*, *Plautus*, and the rest; who haue vtterly excluded the *Chorus*, altered the property of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all libertie, according to the elegancie and disposition of those times wherein they wrote? I see not then but wee should enioy the same *Licentia* or free power, to illustrate and heighten our inuention as they did: and not to be tyed to those strict and regular formes, which the niceneſſe of a fewe (who are nothing but Forme) would thrust vpon vs.

Mit. Well, we will not dispute of this now: but what's his Scene?

Cor. Mary *Insula fortunata*, Sir.

Mit. O, the fortunate Iland? masse he was bound himselfe to a strict law there.

Cor. Why so?

Mit. Hee cannot lightly after the Scene without crossing the seas.

Cord. He needes not, hauing a whole Ilande to runne through, I thinke.

Mit. No? how comes it then, that in some one play wee see so many Seas, Countries, and Kingdomes, past ouer with such admirable dexteritie?

Cor. O, that but shewes how well the Authors can trauaile in their vocation, and out-run the apprehention of their Auditory. But leauing this, I would they would begin once: this protraction is able to sower the best-settled patience in the Theatre.

Mit. They haue answered your wish Sir; they sounde.

Sound the third time.

ENTER PROLOGVE.

Cor. O here comes the Prologue: Now sirre, if you had stayed a little longer, I meant to haue spoke your Prologue for you, I fayth.

Prol. Mary with all my hart sir, you shall do it yet, and I thanke you.

Cord. Nay, nay, stay, stay, heare you?

Prol. You could not haue studied to ha'done mee a greater benefite at the instant, for I protest to you, I am vnperfect, and (had I spoke it) I must of necessitie haue been out.

Cord. Why, but do you speake this seriously?

Prol. Seriously! I (God's my helpe do I) and esteeme my selfe indebted to your kindnesse for it.

Cor. For what?

Pro. Why for vndertaking the Prologue for mee.

Cor. How? did I vndertake it for you?

Pro. Did you! I appeale to all these Gentlemen whether you did or no? Come, it pleases you to cast a strange looke on't now; but 'twill not serue.

Cor. Fore God but it must serue, and therefore speake your Prologue.

Pro. And I doe, let me die poyson'd with some venemous hisse, and neuer liue to looke as high as the two-pennie roome, againe.

Mit.

Mit. Hee has put you to it, Sir?

Cor. Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this? Gentlemen, good fayth I can speake no Prologue, howsoeuer his weake wit has had the fortune to make this strong vse of mee here before you: but I protest;

Enter Carlo Buffone, with a Boy.

Carl. Come, come, leaue these fustian protestations: away, come, I cannot abide these gray-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch mee a Glasse, quickly, I may bid these Gentlemen welcome; giue him a health here: I mar'le whose wit 'twas to put a Prologue in yon'd Sackbuts mouth: they might well thinke heel'd be out of tune, and yet youl'd play vpon him too. *Exit Boy.*

Cor. Hang him dull block.

Carl. O good wordes, good wordes, a well-timberde fellow, hee would ha'made a good columne and he had been thought on when the house was a building. O art thou come? well fayd: giue me; Boy, fill, so: here's a cup of wine sparkles like a Diamonde. Gentlewomen (I am sworne to put them in first) and Gentlemen, a round, in place of a bad Prologue, I drinke this good draught to your health here, Canarie, the verie *Elixir* and Spirit of Wine: this is that our Poet cals Castalian liquor, when he comes abroad (now and then) once in a fortnight, and makes a good Meale among Players; where he has *Caninum appetitum*: mary at home he keepes a good Philosophical diet, beanes & butter-milke: an honest pure rogue, he will take you off three, foure, fiue of these one after another, & looke vilanously when he has done, like a one-headed *cerberus* (he do'not heare me I hope) and then when his belly is well ballac't, and his braine rigg'd a little, he sayles away withall, as though he would worke wonders when he comes home: hee has made a Play here, and he cals it, *Euery man out of his Humor.* Sblood and he get me out of the humor he has put me in, Ile ne're trust none of his tribe againe while I liue. Gentles all, I can say for him, is, you are welcome. I could wish my bottle here amongst you; but there's an olde rule, *No pledging your owne health*: marie if anye heere bee thirstie for it, their best waye (that I knowe) *Enter Boy with a glasse.* (*He drinkes.*)

is,

is, sit still, seale vp their lips, and drinke so much of the play in at their eares. *Exit.*

Mit. What may this fellow be, *Cordatus?*

Cor. Faith, if the time will suffer his discription, I'le giue it you: he is one; the Author cals him *Carlo Buffone,* an impudent common iester, a violent railer, and an incomprehensible Epicure: one, whose company is desir'd of all men, but belou'd of none: he will sooner loose his soule, than a iest; and prophane euen the most holy things, to excite laughter: no honourable or reuerende personage whatsoeuer, can come within the reach of his eye, but is turn'd into all manner of varietie, by his adulterate *simele's.*

Mit. You paint foorth a monster.

Cord. He will prefer all countries before his native, and thinkes he can neuer sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliuer his affectionate conceit of forrein Atheisticall pollicies: but stay, obserue these, hee'le appeare himselfe anon.

Enter Macilente, solus.

Mit. O, this is your enuious man (*Macilente*) I thinke.

Cord. The same, sir.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCENA PRIMA.

Mac. Viri est, fortunæ cæcitatem facile ferre:

Tis true; but Stoique; where (in the vast worlde)
Doth that man breath, that can so much command
His bloud and his affection? well, I see,
I striue in vaine to cure my wounded soule:
For euery cordiall that my thoughts applie
Turns to a cor'siue, and doth eat it farder.
There is no taste in this Philosophie,
Tis like a Potion that a man should drinke,
But turnes his Stomacke with the sight of it.
I am no such pild *Cinique,* to beleeue
That beggerie is the onelie happinesse:
Or (with a number of these patient fooles)
To sing, *My minde to mee a Kingdome is,*
When the lanke hungry belly barkes for foode:

I looke

I looke into the worlde, and there I meete
With obiectes, that doe ſtrike my blood-ſhot eies
Into my braine; where, when I view my ſelfe,
Hauing before obſeru'd, this man is great,
Mightie, and fear'd, that lou'd and highly fauour'd:
A third, thought wiſe and learned: a fourth, rich,
And therefore honour'd: a fifth, rarely featur'd:
A ſixth, admir'd for his nuptiall fortunes.
When I ſee theſe (I ſay) and view my ſelfe,
I wiſh my *Obtique* inſtruments were crackt,
And that the engine of my griefe could caſt
Mine eye-bals like two globes of wild fire foorth,
To melt this vnproportion'd frame of Nature.
Oh, they are thoughts that haue transfixt my hart,
And often (i'the ſtrength of apprehenſion)
Made my cold paſſion ſtand vpon my face,
Like droppes of ſweate on a ſtiffe cake of yce.

GREX.

Cor. This alludes well to that of the Poet,
Inuidus ſuſpirat, gemit, incutitque dentes,
Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.
Mit. O peace, you breake the Scene.

Enter Sogliardo, with Carlo Buffone.

SCENA SEC.

Mac. Soft, who be theſe?
Ple lay me downe a while till they be paſt.

GREX.

Cor. Signior, note this gallant, I pray you.
Mit. What is hee?
Cor. A tame Rooke, youle take him preſently: Liſt.

Sog. Nay looke you *Carlo*, this is my Humour now: I haue lande and money, my friendes left me well, and I will be a Gentleman whatſoeuer it coſt me.

Car. A most Gentleman-like resolution.

Sog. Tut, and I take an humor of a thing once, I am like your taylors needle, I go through: but, for my name Signior, how thinke you? will it not serue for a Gentlemans name, when the Signior is put to it? Ha?

Car. Let me heare, how is't?

Sog. *Signior Insulso Sogliardo*, me thinkes it soundes well.

Car. O excellent: tut and all fitted to your name, you might very well stand for a Gentleman: I know many *Sogliardoes* Gentlemen.

Sog. Why, and for my wealth I might be a Iustice of peace.

Car. I, and a Constable for your wit.

Sog. All this is my Lordship you see heere, and those Farmes you came by.

Car. Good steps to gentilitie too, marie: but *Sogliardo*, if you affect to be a Gentleman indeed, you must obserue all the rare qualities, humors, and complementes of a Gentleman.

Sog. I know it Signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not too good to learne, Ile assure you.

Car. Inough sir: Ile make admirable vse i'the proiection of my medicine vpon this lumpe of copper here. Ile bethinke mee for you sir.

Sog. Signior, I will both pay you and pray you, and thanke you, and thinke on you.

GREX.

Cord. Is not this purely good?

Mac. Sbloud, why should such a prick-eard Hind as this
Bee rich? Ha? a foole? such a transparent gull
That may be seene through? wherefore should he haue land,
Houses, and Lordships? O, I could eate my entrailes,
And sinke my soule into the earth with sorrow.

Car. First (to be an accomplisht Gentleman; that is, a Gentleman of the time) you must giue ore housekeeping in the Countrey, and liue altogether in the Citie amongst gallants; where, at your first apparance, twere good you turnde foure or fiue hundred Acres of your best lande into two or three Trunkes of apparrell, you may doe it without going to a Coniurer: and be

sure

sure you mixe your selfe still with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least Popular; studie their cariage and behauiour in all: learne to play at *Primero* and *Passage*, and (euer when you loose) ha'two or three peculiar othes to sweare by, that no man else sweares: but aboue all, protest in your plaie, & affirme, *Upon your credite*; *As you are a Gentleman* (at euerie cast:) you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.

Sog. O admirable rare! hee cannot chuse but be a Gentleman, that ha'es these excellent giftes: more, more, I beseech you.

Car. You must endeuour to feede cleanlie at your Ordinarie, sit melancholie, and picke your teeth when you cannot speake: and when you come to Playes, bee Humorous, looke with a good starch't face, and ruffle your brow like a new Boot; laugh at nothing but your owne iestes, or else as the Noblemen laugh; that's a speciall grace you must obserue.

Sog. I warrant you sir.

Car. I, and sit o'the Stage, and floute; prouided, you haue a good suit.

Sog. O Ile haue a suit onelie for that sir.

Car. You must talke much of your kindred and alies.

Sog. Lies! no Signior, I shall not neede to doe so, Il'haue kindred in the Cittie to talke of; I haue a neece is a Merchants wife; and a nephew, my brother *Sordidos* son, of the Innes of Court.

Car. O but you must pretende alliance with Courtiers and great persons: and euer when you are to dine or suppe in anie strange presence, hire a fellowe with a great Chaine (though it bee Copper it's no matter) to bring you Letters, feign'd from such a Nobleman, or such a Knight, or such a Ladie, To their Worshipfull, right rare, and Noble qualified friende or Kinsman, *Signior Insulso Sogliardo*; giue your selfe stile enough. And there (while you intende circumstances of newes, or enquire of their health, or soe) one of your Familiars (whome you must carrie about you still) breakes it vppe (as twere in a iest) and readesit publikely at the Table: at which, you must seeme to take as vnpardonable offence as if he had torne your Mistresse colours, or breat'd vpon her picture, and pur-

sue it with that hot grace, as if you would enforce a challenge vpon it presently,

Sog. Stay, I doe not like that Humor of challenge, it may be accepted: but Ple tell you what's my humor now; I will doe this, I will take occasion of sending one of my suites to the Taylors to haue the pocket repaired, or so; and there such a letter as you talke off (broke open and all) shall be left. O, the Taylor will presently giue out what I am vpon the reading of it, worth twenty of your Gallants.

Car. But then you must put on an extreame face of discontentment at your mans negligence.

Sog. O, so I will, and beate him too; Ple haue a man for the purpose.

Mac. You maie, you haue lande and crownes: O partiall Fate!

Car. Masse well remembred, you must keepe your men gallant, at the first, fine pide Liueries laide with good golde lace, there's no lesse in it, they may rip't off and pawne it, when they lacke victuals.

Sog. Bir Ladie that is chargeable Signior, 'twill bring a man in debt.

Car. Debt? why that's the more for your credite sir: it's an excellent pollicie to owe much in these dayes, if you note it.

Sog. As how good Signior? I would faine be a Politician.

Car. O, looke where you are indebted anie great summe, your creditor obserues you with no lesse regard, then if he were bound to you for some huge benefite, and will quake to giue you the least cause of offence, least he loose his money. I assure you (in these times) no man has his seruant more obsequious & pliant, than Gentlemen their creditors: to whom (if at any time) you pay but a moietie or a fourth part, it comes more acceptedly, than if you gaue 'hem a newyeeres gift.

Sog. I perceiue you sir, I will take vp, and bring my selfe in credite sure.

Car. Marrie this, alwaies beware you commerce not with Bankroutes, or poore needie Ludgathians: they are impudent creatures, turbulent spirites, they care not what violent tragedies

dies they ſtirre, nor how they play faſt and looſe with a poore Gentlemans fortunes to get their owne: marry, theſe rich fellowes (thar ha'the worlde, or the better part of it, ſleeping in their counting-houſes) they are ten times more peaceable, they: either feare, hope, or modeſtie reſtraines them from offering anie outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you ſhall not runne a pennie more in arrerage for them, and you liſt your ſelfe.

Sog. No? how ſhould I keepe'hem then?

Carl. Keepe'hem? Sblood let them keepe themſelues, they are no Sheepe, are they? What? you ſhall come in houſes where Plate, Apparrell, Iewels, and diuers other prettie commodities lie necligently ſcattered, and I would ha'thoſe *Mercuries* followe me (I trow) ſhould remember they had not their fingers for nothing.

Sog. That's not ſo good me thinkes.

Car. Why after you haue kept them a fortnight or ſo, and ſhew'd'hem y'enough to the world, you may turne'hem away, and keepe no more but a Boy, it's ynough.

Sog. Nay my humor is not for Boyes, Ile keepe men, and I keepe any: and Ile giue coates, rhat's my humor: but I lacke a Culliſen.

Car. Why now you ride to the citie, you may buy one, Ile bring you where you ſhall ha'your choiſe for money.

Sog. Can you ſir?

Car. O I, you ſhall haue one take meaſure of you, and make you a *Coate* of armes to fit you of what faſhion you will.

Sog. By worde of mouth I thanke you Signior; Ile be once a little prodigall in a Humor in faith, and haue a moſt prodigious *Coate*.

Mac. Torment and death, breake head and braine at once,
To be deliuer'd of your fighting iſſue.
Who can endure to ſee blinde Fortune dote thus?
To be enamour'd on this duſtie Turfe?
This clod? a hoorſen Puckfiſt? O God, God, God, God, &c.
I could runne wild with griefe now to behold
The rankneſſe of her bounties, that doth breed

Such Bulrushes; these Mushrompe Gentlemen,
That shoot vp in a night to place and worship.

Car. Let him alone, some stray, some stray.

Sog. Nay I will examine him before I goe sure.

Car. The Lord of the soile ha's all wefts and straies here, ha's he not?

Sog. Yes sir.

Car. Faith then I pittie the poore fellowe, hee's falne into a fooles hands.

Sog. Sirah, who gaue you commission to lie in my Lordship?

Mac. Your Lordship?

Sog. How? my Lordship? doe you know me sir?

Mac. I do know you sir.

Car. S'heart, he answers him like an Eccho.

Sog. Why, who am I *Sir*?

Mac. One of those that Fortune fauors.

Car. The *Periphrasis* of a foole; Ile obserue this better.

Sog. That fortune fauors? how meane you that friend?

Mac. I meane simply; That you are one that liues not by your wits.

Sog. By my wits? No sir, I scorne to liue by my wits, I; I haue better meanes I tell thee, than to take such base courses, as to liue by my wits. Sblood doest thou thinke I liue by my wits?

Mac. Me thinkes Iester, you should not relish this well.

Car. Ha? does he know me?

Mac. Though yours be the worst vse a man can put his wit too of thousandes, to prostitute it at euerie Tauerne and Ordinarie, yet (me thinkes) you should haue turn'd your broade side at this, and haue been readie with an Apologie, able to sinke this Hulke of Ignoraunce into the bottome, and depth of his Contempt.

Car. Sblood tis *Macilente:* Signior, you are well encountred, how is't? O we must not regarde what he saies man; a Trout, a shallow foole, he ha's no more braine than a Butterflie, a meere stuft suite, he lookes like a mustie bottle new wickerd, his head's the Corke, light, light. I am glad to see you so well return'd Signior.

Mac.

Mac. You are? Gramercie good *Ianus.*

Sog. Is he one of your acquaintance? I loue him the better for that.

Car. Gods pretious, come away man, what do you meane? and you knew him as I do, you'ld ſhun him as you'ld do the plague?

Sog. Why ſir?

Car. O, hee's a blacke fellow, take heed on him.

Sog. Is he a Scholler or a Souldior?

Car. Both, both; a leane Mungrell, hee lookes as if he were chap-falne with barking at other mens good fortunes: 'ware how you offend him, hee carries Oyle and Fire in his pen, will ſcald where it drops, his Spirit's like Powder, quicke, violent; hee'le blow a man vp with a ieſt: I feare him worſe than a rotten Wall do's the Cannon, ſhake an hower after at the report: away, come not neare him.

Sog. For Gods ſake lets be gone, and he be a Scholler, you know I cannot abide him, I had as leeue ſee a Cocatrice, ſpecially as Cocatrices go now.

Car. What, youle ſtay Signior? this Gentleman *Sogliardo* and I are to viſite the Knight *Puntaruolo*, and from thence to the Citie, we ſhall meete there.

Exeunt Car. and Sog.

Mac. I, when I cannot ſhun you, we will meete.
Tis ſtrange: of all the creatures I haue ſeene,
I enuie not this *Buffon*, for indeed
Neither his fortunes nor his partes deſerue it;
But I do hate him as I hate the deuill,
Or that braſ-viſag'd monſter *Barbariſme*,
O, tis an open-throated, blacke-mouth'd curre,
That bites at all, but eates on thoſe that feed him:
A ſlaue, that to your face will (Serpent-like)
Creepe on the ground, as he would eate the duſt;
And to your backe will turne the taile and ſting
More deadly than a Scorpion: ſtay, who's this?
Now for my ſoule, another minion
Of the old lady *Chance's*, Ile obſerue him.

Enter

Enter Sordido with a Prognostication.

SCENA TER.

Sord. O rare, good, good, good, good, good, I thanke my Christ, I thanke my Christ for it.

Mac. Said I not true? doth not his passion speake
Out of my diuination? O my sences,
Why loose you not your powers, and become
Dead, dull, and blunted with this Spectacle?
I know him, tis *Sordido*, the Farmer,
A Boore, and brother to that Swine was here.

Sor. Excellent, excellent, excellent, as I would wish, as I would wish.

Mac. See how the strumpet *Fortune* tickles him,
And makes him swoune with laughter, O, O, O.

Sord. Ha, ha, ha, I will not sow my grounds this yeere, Let me see what Harueſt shall we haue? Iune, Iulie?

Mac. What is't a Prognostication rap's him so?

Sord. The. xx. xxi. xxii. daies, raine and wind; O good, good: the. xxiii. and xxiiii. raine and some wind; good: the. xxv. raine; good still: xxvi. xxvii. xxviii. winde and some raine; would it had been raine and some winde: well tis good (when it can bee no better) xxix. inclining to raine: inclining to raine? that's not so good now. xxx. and. xxxi. wind and no raine. No raine? S'lid stay, this is worse and worse: what saies he of *S. Swithens?* Turne backe, looke *S. Swithens*: no raine.

Mac. O there's a pretious filthy damned rogue,
That fats himselfe with expectation
Of rotten weather, and vnseason'd howers;
And he is rich for it, and elder brother,
His barnes are full, his reekes, and mowes well trod,
His garnars cracke with store. O, tis well; ha, ha, ha:
A plague consume thee and thy house.

Sord. O heare, *S. Swithens*, the. xv. day, variable weather, for the most part raine, good; for the most part raine: Why it should raine fortie daies after now, more or lesse; it was a rule helde afore I was able to holde a plough, and yet here are two

daies,

daies no raine; ha? it makes me muſe. Weele ſee how the next month begins, if that be better. Auguſt: Auguſt, firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth dayes, rainie, and bluſtering; this is well now: fift, ſixt, ſeuenth, eight, and ninth, raine, with ſome thunder; I marry, this is excellent; the other was falſe printed ſure: the tenth, and eleuenth, great ſtore of raine: O good, good, good, good, good: the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth daies, raine; good ſtil: fifteenth and ſixteenth, raine; good ſtill: ſeuenteenth, and eighteenth, raine; good ſtill: ninteenth and twentieth, Good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill: one and twentieth, ſome raine: ſome raine? well, we muſt be patient, and attend the heauens pleaſure, would it were more though: the two and twentieth, three and twentieth, great tempeſt of raine, thunder, and lightning.

O good againe, paſt expectation good:
I thanke my bleſſed angell; neuer, neuer,
Laid I penney better out then this,
To purchaſe this deare booke: not deare for price,
And yet of me, as dearely priz'd as life,
Since in it is containd the very life,
Bloud, ſtrength, and ſinewes of my happineſſe:
Bleſt be the houre wherein I bought this booke,
His ſtudies happy that compos'd the booke,
And the man fortunate that ſold the booke:
Sleepe with this charme, and be as true to mee,
As I am ioy'd and confident in thee.

Enter a Hind to Sordido with a paper.

Mac. Ha, ha, ha? Is not this good? Is it not pleaſing this? ha, ha?
Iſt poſſible that ſuch a ſpacious villaine (Gods ha?
Shou'd liue, and not be plagude? or lies he hid
Within the wrinckled boſome of the world,
Where heauen cannot ſee him? Sblood (me thinkes)
Tis rare and admirable, that he ſhould breath and walke,
Feed with diſgeſtion, ſleepe, enioy his health,
And (like a boyſtrous Whale, ſwallowing the poore)
Still ſwimme in wealth and pleaſure: is it not ſtrange?
Vnleſſe his houſe and skin were thunder-proofe,

I wonder at it. Me thinkes now, the Hecticke,
Gout, Leprosie, or some such loath'd disease
Might light vpon him; or that fire (from heauen)
Might fall vpon his barnes; or mice and rats
Eat vp his graine; or else that it might rot
Within the hoary Reekes, e'ne as it stands.
Me thinkes this might be well; and after all,
The diuell might come and fetch him: I, tis true.
Meane time he surfets in prosperitie,
And thou (in enuie of him) gnaw'st thy selfe:
Peace foole, get hence, and tell thy vexed spirit,
„*Wealth in this age will scarcely looke on merit.* *Exit.*

Sord. Who brought this same sirrha?

Hind. Marrie sir one of the Iustices men, he saies tis a precept, and all their hands be at it.

Sord. I, and the prints of them sticke in my flesh
Deeper then i'their letters: They haue sent me
Pils wrapt in a paper here, that should I take 'hem,
Would poison all the sweetnesse of my Booke,
And turne my Honey into Hemlocke iuice:
But I am wiser than to serue their precepts,
Or follow their prescriptions: Here's a deuise,
To charge me bring my Graine into the markets:
I, much, when I haue neither Barne nor Garner,
Nor earth to hide it in, Ile bring it; but till then,
Each corne I send shall be as big as Paules.
O, but (say some) the poore are like to sterue.
Why let 'hem sterue, what's that to me? are Bees
Bound to keepe life in Drones and idle Moaths? no:
Why such are these (that rearme themselues the poore,
Only becausse they would be pitied)
But are indeed a sort of lazie Beggers,
Licencious Rogues, and sturdie Vagabonds,
Bred (by the sloth of a fat plentious yeare)
Like snakes in heat of summer out of dung,
And this is all that these cheape times are good for:
Whereas a holesome and penurious Dearth

Purges

Purges the soyle of such vile excrements,
And kils the Vipers vp.
Hind. O but maister,
Take heed they heare you not.
Sord. Why so?
Hind. They will exclaime against you.
Sor. I, their exclaimes
Moue me as much, as thy breath moues a Mountaine;
Poore wormes, they hisse at me, whilst I at home
Can be contented to applaud my selfe,
To sit and clap my hands, and laugh and leape,
Knocking my head against my roofe, with ioy
To see how plumpe my bags are, and my barnes.
Sirah, go, hie you home, and bid your fellowes
Get all their flailes readie againe I come.
Hind. I will sir. *Exit Hind.*
Cord. Ile instantly set all my Hinds to thrashing
Of a whole Reeke of corne, which I will hide
Vnder the ground: and with the straw thereof
Ile stuffe the outsides of my other Mowes:
That done, Ile haue 'hem emptie all my Garners,
And i'the friendly Earth bury my store,
That when the Searchers come, they may suppose
All's spent, and that my fortunes were belied.
And to lend more opinion to my want,
And stop that many-mouthed vulgar Dog,
(Which else would still be bayting at my doore)
Each market day, I will be seene to buy
Part of the purest Wheat, as for my household:
Where when it comes, it shall encrease my heapes,
Twill yeeld me treble gaine at this deare time,
Promisde in this deare Booke: I haue cast all,
Till then I will not sell an eare, Ile hang first.
Ol shall make my prizes as I list,
My house and I can feed on Peas and Barley,
What though a world of wretches sterue the while?
He that will thriue, must thinke no courses vile. *Exit.*

GREX.

Cord. Now Signior, how approue you this? haue the Humorists expreſt themſelues truly or no?

Mit. Yes(if it be wel proſecuted) tis hitherto happie ynough: but me thinks *Macilente* went hence too ſoone, hee might haue beene made to ſtay, and ſpeake ſomewhat in reproofe of *Sordidos* wretchednesſe, now at the laſt.

Cor. O no, that had bin extreamly improper, beſides he had cõtinued the *Scene* too lõg with him as twas, being in no more actiõ.

Mit. You may enforce the length as a neceſſary reaſon; but for propriety the *Scene* wold very wel haue born it, in my iudgment.

Cor. O worſt of both: why you miſtake his humor vtterly thẽ.

Mit. How? do I miſtake it? is it not Envie?

Cor. Yes, but you muſt vnderſtand Signior, hee enuies him not as he is a villaine, a wolfe in the commonwealth, but as he is rich and fortunate; for the true condition of enuy, is *Dolor alienæ felicitatis*, to haue our eyes continually fixt vpon another mans proſperitie, that is his chiefe happineſſe, and to grieue at that. Whereas if we make his monſtrous and abhord actions, our obiect, the griefe (we take then) comes neerer the nature of Hate than Enuie, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and loathing in our ſelues.

Mit. So you'le infer it had beene Hate, not Enuie in him, to reprehend the humor of *Sordido*?

Cor. Right, for what a man truly enuies in another, he could alwaies loue, and cheriſh in himſelfe; but no man truely reprehends in another what he loues in himſelfe: therefore reprehenſion is out of his Hate. And this diſtinction hath hee himſelfe made in a ſpeech there (if you marke it) where hee ſaies, *I enuy not this Buffon, but I hate him.*

Mit. Stay ſir: *I enuy not this Buffon, but I hate him*: why might hé not as well haue hated *Sordido* as him?

Cor. No Sir, there was ſubiect for his enuie in *Sordido*; his wealth: So was there not in the other, hee ſtood poſſeſt of no one eminent gift, but a moſt odious and friend-like diſpoſition, that would turne Charitie it ſelfe into Hate, much more Enuie for the preſent.

Enter

Enter Carlo, Buffone, Sogliardo, Fastidius Briske, Cinedo.

ACTVS SECVNDVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Mit. You haue satisfied me sir, O here comes the *Foole* and the *Iester* againe me thinkes.

Cor. Twere pittie they should be patted sir.

Mit. What bright-shining gallant's that with them? the knight they went to?

Cord. No sir, this is one Monsieur *Fastidius Briske*, otherwise calde the fresh Frenchfield Courtier.

Mit. A humorist too?

Cord. As humorous as quick-siluer, doo but obserue him, the Scene is the countrey still, remember.

Fast. Cinedo, watch when the knight comes, & giue vs word.

Cine. I will sir.

Fast. How likste thou my boy, *Carlo*?

Car. O wel, wel, he lookes like the colonel of a Pigmies horse, or one of these motions in a great anticke clocke: hee would shewe well vpon a Habberdashers stall, at a corner shop rarely.

Fast. Sheart, what a damnde wittie rogue's this? how hee confounds with his *similies*?

Car. Better with *similies* than smiles: and whether were you riding now Signior?

Fast. Who I? what a silly iest's that? whither should I ride but to the Court?

Car. O pardon me sir, twentie places more: your hot house, or your------

Fast. By the vertue of my soule, this knight dwels in *Elizium* here.

Car. Hees gone now, I thought hee would flie out presently. These be our nimble-sprighted *Catso's*, that ha'their euasions at pleasure, wil run ouer a bog like your wild Irish: no sooner started, but they'le leape from one thing to another like a squirrell, heigh; Daunce, and doo trickes in their discourse, from Fire to Water, from Water to Ayre, from Ayre to Earth, as if their tongues did but euen licke the foure Elements ouer, and away.

Sog. There shall be no loue lost Sir, Ile assure you.

Fast. Nay *Carl*, I am not happie in thy loue I see, pr'y thee suffer mee to enioy thy companie a little (sweete mischife) by this ayre, I shall enuie this Gentlemans place in thy affections, if you be thus priuate I faith: how now? is the Knight arriu'd?

Enter Cinedo.

Cine. No Sir, but tis gest he will arriue presently, by his forerunners.

Fast. His hounds! by *Minerua* an excellent Figure; a good boy.

Car. You should giue him a French crowne for it: the boye would find two better Figures in that, and a good Figure of your bountie beside.

Fast. Tut, the boy wants no crownes.

Car, No crowne: speake in the singular number, and weele beleeue you.

Fast. Nay, thou art so capriciously conceyted nowe: Sirra *(Dānation)* I haue heard this Knight *Puntaruallo*, reported to be a Gentleman of exceeding good humour: thou knowst him: pry-thee, how is his disposition? I ne're was so fauour'de of my starres as to see him yet. Boy, do you looke to the Hobbie?

Cine. I Sir, the groome has set him vp.

Fast. Tis well: I ridde out of my way, of intent to visit him, and take knowledge of his: Nay good *Wickednesse*, his humour, his humour.

Car. Why he loues Dogges, and Haukes, and his wife well: he has a good ryding face, and hee can sit a great Horse; hee will taint a staffe well at tilt: when hee is mounted, hee lookes like the signe of the *George*, thats all I knowe: saue that in steede of a Dragon, hee will brandish against a tree, and breake his sword as confidently vpon the knottie barke, as the other did vpon the skales of the beast.

Fast. O, but this is nothing to that is deliuered of him: they say hee has dialogues, and discourses betweene his Horse, himselfe, and his Dogge: and that hee will court his owne Ladie, as she were a stranger neuer encountred before.

Car. I, that hee will, and make fresh loue to her euery morning:

ning: this gentleman has bene a Spectator of it, *Signior Insulso.*

Sog. I am resolute to keepe a Page: say you sir?

Car. You haue seene *Signior Puntaruolo* accost his Ladie?

Sogl. O, sir.

Fast. And how is the maner of it pr'y thee good Sgnior?

Sog. Faith sir in very good sort; hee has his humours for it sir: as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding, or hunting, or so) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting Gentlewoman, shee lookes out; and then hee speakes, and then shee speakes: very prettie I faith gentlemen.

Fast. Why, but do you remember no particulars, signior?

Sog. O, yes sir: first, the gentlewoman shee lookes out at the window.

Car. After the trumpet has summon'd a parle? not before?

Sog. No sir, not before: and then saies he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. What saies he? be not rapt so.

Sog. Saies he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Fast. Nay speake, speake.

Sog. Ha, ha, ha, saies he: God saue you, ha, ha, &c.

Car. Was this the ridiculous motiue to all this passion?

Sog. Nay that, that comes after is: ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. Doubtlesse hee apprehends more than hee vtters, this fellow: or else.

Sog. List, list, they are come from hunting: stand by, close vnder this Tarras, and you shal see it done better than I can shew it. *A cry of hounds within.*

Car. So it had need, 'twill scarse poize the obseruation else.

Sog. Faith I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

Fast. O withdraw, withdraw, it cannot be but a most pleasing obiect.

Enter Puntaruolo, a Huntsman with a Graihound.

Pun. Forrester, giue winde to thy Horne. Inough: by this the sound hath toucht the eares of the enclosed: Depart, leaue the Dogge, and take with thee what thou hast deseru'd, the Horne, and thankes.

Car. I mary, there's some taste in this.

Fast. Is't it not good?

Sog. Ah peace, now aboue, now aboue.

The waiting Gentlewomen appeare at the window.

Punt. Stay: mine eye hath (on the instant) through the bountie of the window, receiu'd the forme of a Nymph, I will step forward three paces: of the which, I will barely retire one; and (after some little flexure of the knee) with an erected grace salute her: 1, 2, and 3. Sweet Lady, God saue you.

Gent. No forsooth: I am but a waiting Gentlewoman.

Carl. He knew that before.

Punt. Pardon me: *Humanum est errare.*

Carl. He learn'd that of a Puritane.

Punt. To the perfection of Complement (which is the dyall of the thought, and guided by the Sunne of your beauties) are requirde these three Proiects: the *Gnomon*, the *Puntilios*, and the *Superficies*: the *Superficies*, is that we call *Place*; the *Puntilio's*, *Circumstance*; and the *Gnomon*, *Ceremonie*: in either of which, for a stranger to erre, 'tis easie and faci'e; and such am I.

Car. True, not knowing her *Horison*, hee must needes erre: which I feare, he knowes too well.

Pun. What call you the Lord of the Castle? sweet face.

Gent. The Lord of the Castle is a knight sir; Signior *Puntaruolo.*

Punt. *Puntaruolo?* O.

Car. Now must he ruminate.

Fast. Does the wench know him all this while then?

Car. O, doo you know me man? why therein lies the sirrup of the iest: it's a Proiect, a designment of his owne, a thing studied, and rehearst as ordinarily at his comming from hawking or hunting, as a Iigge after a Play.

Sog. I, e'en like your Iigge sir.

Punt. 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice: what yeares is the Knight, faire Damsell?

Gent. Faith much about your yeares sir.

Punt. What complexion, or what stature beares he?

Gent. Of your stature, and very neere vpon your complexion.

Punt. Mine is Melancholly.

Car. So-

Car. So is the dogs, iust.

Punt. And doth argue constancie, chiefly in loue. What are his endowments? Is he courteous?

Gent. O the most courteous Knight vpon Gods earth sir.

Punt. Is he magnanimous?

Gent. As the skin betweene your browes sir.

Punt. Is he bountifull?

Car. Sbloud, hee takes an Inuentorie of his owne good partes.

Gent. Bountifull? I sir I would you should know it; the poore are serude at his gate, early and late sir.

Punt. Is he learned?

Gent. O, sir, he can speake the French and Italian.

Punt. Then he is trauailde?

Gent. I forsooth, he hath bene beyond-sea, once or twise.

Carl. As far as Paris, to fetch ouer a fashion, and come backe againe.

Punt. Is he religious?

Gent. Religious? I know not what you call religious, but hee goes to Church I am sure.

Fast. Slid, me thinkes these answeres should offend him.

Carl. Tut no: he knowes they are excellent, and to her capacitie that speake them.

Punt. Would I might but see his face.

Carl. Shee should let downe a glasse from the window at that word, and request him to looke in it.

Punt. Doubtlesse, the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified? doth the Castle containe him?

Gent. No sir, he is from home, but his Lady is within.

Punt. His Lady? what is she faire? splendidious? and amiable?

Gent. O Iesu sir!

Punt. Prythee deare Nymph, intreat her beauties to shine on this side of the building.

Exit Gent. from the window.

Carl. That hee may erect a new dyall of complement, with his *Gnomons*, and his *Puntolios*.

Fast. Nay, thou art such an other *Cinique* now, a man had need walke vprightly before thee.

Carl. Heart, can any man walke more vpright then he does? Looke, looke: as if he went in a frame, or had a sute of Wanescot on: and the dogge watching him least hee should leape out on't.

Fast. O villaine!

Car. Well, and euer I meet him in the citie, Ile haue him ioynted, Ile pawne him in East-cheape among butchers else.

Fast. Peace, who be these, *Carlo?*

Enter Sordido, with his sonne Fungoso.

Sord. Yonders your god-father: do your dutie to him sonne.

Sog. This sir? a poore elder brother of mine sir, a yeoman, may dispend some seuen or eight hundred a yeare: that's his sonne, my nephew there.

Punt. You are not il-come neighbour *Sordido*, though I haue not yet said welcome: what, my god-sonne is growne a great *Proficient* by this?

Sord. I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

Fast. What does he study? the law?

Sog. I sir, he is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeoman.

Car. What call you your nephew, Signior?

Sog. Mary his name is *Fungoso*.

Car. *Fungoso?* O, he lookt somewhat like a spunge in that pinckt doublet me thought: well, make much of him; I see hee was neuer borne to ride vpon a moile.

Gen. My Lady will come presently sir. *Enter Gent. aboue.*

Sog. O now, now.

Punt. Stand by, retire your selues a space: nay, pray you, forget not the vse of your hat; the aire is piercing.

Sordido and Fungoso withdraw at the other part of the stage, meane time, the Lady is come to the window.

Fast. What? will not their presence preuaile against the current of his humor?

Car. O no: it's a meere floud, a Torrent, carries all afore it.

Punt. *What more than heauenly pulchritude is this?*

What

What Magazine, or treasurie of blisse?
Dazle your organs to my obtique sence,
To view a creature of such eminence:
O, I am planet-strooke, and in yond Sphere,
A brighter starre than Venus doth appeare.

Fast. How? in verse?

Car. An Extasie, an Extasie, man.

Lady. Is your desire to speake with me, sir Knight?

Car. Hee will tell you that anon: neither his Braine, nor his Bodie, are yet moulded for an answere.

Punt. Most debonaire, and Luculent Ladie, I decline me as low as the *Basis* of your Altitude.

GREX.

Cord. } Hee makes congies to his wife in Geometricall pro-
portions.

Mit. } Is't possible there should be any such *Humorist?*

Cor. } Very easily possible, Sir, you see there is.

Punt. I haue scarse collected my spirites, but lately scatter'd in the admiration of your Forme: to which (if the bounties of your minde be any way responsible) I doubt not but my desires shall finde a smooth and secure passage. I am a poore Knight-errant (Ladie) that hunting in the adiacent Forrest, was by aduenture in the pursuit of a Hart, brought to this place: which Hart (deare Madame) escaped by enchauntment: the euening approaching (my selfe and seruant wearied) my suit is, to enter your faire Castle, and refresh me.

Lady. Sir Knight, albeit it be not vsuall with mee (chiefely in the absence of a husband) to admit any entrance to strangers, yet in the true regard of those inward vertues, and faire parts which so striue to expresse themselues in you, I am resolu'd to entertaine you to the best of my vnworthie power: which I acknowledge to be nothing, valew'd with what so worthie a person may deserue. Please you but stay, while I descend.

She departs: and Puntarnolo fals in with Sordido, and his sonne.

Punt. Most admir'd Lady, you astonish me.

Car. What? with speaking a speech of your owne penning?

Fast. Nay looke, pr'y thee peace.

Car. Pox ont : I am impatient of such fopperie.

Fast. O lets heare the rest.

Car. What? a tedious Chapter of Courtship, after sir *Lancelot*, and Queen *Guenener* away: I marle in what dull cold nooke he found this Ladie out? that being a woman) she was blest with no more copie of wit, but to serue his Humour thus. Sblood, I thinke he feeds her with Porridge, I: she could ne're haue such a thicke braine else.

Sog. Why is Porridge so hurtfull, Signior?

Car. O, nothing vnder Heauen more preiudiciall to those ascending subtile powers, or doth sooner abate that which we call, *Acumen Ingenij*, than your grosse fare: why Ile make you an Instance: your Citie wiues, but obserue 'hem, you ha' not more perfect true fooles in the world bredde, than they are generally: and yet you see (by the fineneesse and delicacie of their Diet, diuing into the fatte Capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on Larks, Sparrows, Potato pyes, and such good vnctuous meats) how their wits are refinde and ratifide: and sometimes a verie *Quintessence* of conceit flowes from them, able to drown a weak Apprehension.

Fast. Peace, here comes the Ladie.

Enter Lady with her Gent. and seeing them, turnes in againe.

Lady. Gods me, here's company: turne in againe.

Fast. S'light our presence has cut off the conuoy of the iest.

Car. All the better, I am glad ont: for the issue was very perspicuous. Come, let's discouer, and salute the Knight.

Carlo and the other two, step forth to Punt.

Punt. Stay: who be these that addresse themselues towardes vs? what *Carlo?* now by the sincerities of my soule, welcome, welcome gentlemen: and how doest thou, thou *Grand Scourge*, or *Second Untrusse of the time?*

Carl. Faith spending my mettall in this Reeling world (heere and there) as the swaie of my Affection carries mee, and perhaps stumble vpon a yeoman Pheutercr, as I doo now; or one of Fortunes Moyles laden with treasure, and an emptie Cloke-

bagge

bagge following him, gaping when a bagge will vntie.

Punt. Peace you bandogge peace: what briske *Nimfadoro* is that in the white virgin boote there?

Carl. Mary sir, one, that *I* must entreat you to take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinarie respect: Monsieur *Fastidius*.

Punt. Sir, I could wish that for the time of your vouchsaft abiding heere, and more Reall entertainment, this my house stood on the Muses hill: and these my Orchardes were those of the *Hesperide's*.

Fast. I possesse as much in your wish sir, as if I were made Lord of the Indies: and I pray you beleeue it.

Car. I haue a better opinion of his Faith, than to thinke it will be so corrupted.

Sog. Come brother, Ile bring you acquainted with Gentlemen, and good fellows, such as shall do you more grace, than----

Sord. Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance: Do you take heed, least:---- *Carlo is comming toward them.*

Sog. Husht: my Brother sir, for want of education sir, somewhat nodding to the Boore, the Clowne; but I request you in priuate sir.

Fun. By *Iesu*, it is a very fine sute of cloathes.

GREX.

Cor. Do you obserue that, Signior? theres another humor has new crackt the shell.

Mit. What? he is enamourd of the Fashion, is he?

Cor. O you forestall the iest.

Fun. *I* mar'le what it might stand him in?

Sog. Nephew?

Fun. 'Fore God it is an excellent sute, and as neatly becomes him. What said you Vncle?

Sog. When saw you my Neece?

Fun. Mary yesternight *I* supt there. That kind of Boot does very rare too.

Sog. And what newes heare you?

Fun. The guilt Spurre and all: would *I* were hangde, but it is exceeding

exceeding good. Say you?

Sog. Your mind is carried away with some what else: I aske what newes you heare?

Fun. Troth wee heare none: in good faith I was neuer so pleas'd with a fashion dayes of my life: O (and I might haue but my wish) I'ld aske no more of God now, but such a suite, such a Hatte, such a Bande, such a Doublet, such a Hose, such a Boote, and such a----

Sog. They say there's a newe Motion of the Citie of Nineueh, with *Ionas* and the Whale, to be seene at Fleet-bridge? you can tell Cousin?

Fun. Here's such a world of question with him now: Yes, I thinke there be such a thing, I saw the picture: would he would once be satisfied. Let me see, the Doublet, say fiftie shillings the Doublet, and betweene three or foure pound the Hose, then Bootes, the Hat, and Band: some ten or eleuen pound would do it all, and suite me for the *heauens*.

Sog. I'le see all those deuises, and I come to London once.

Fun. God slid, and I cold compasse it, twere rare: harke you Vncle,

Sog. What saies my Nephew?

Fung. Faith Vncle, I'ld ha desirde you to haue made a motion for me to my father in a thing, that: walke aside and I'le tell you sir, no more but this: there's a parcel of Lawe bookes (some twenty pounds worth) that lie in a place for litle more then halfe the money they cost: and I thinke for some twelue pounde or twenty marke, I could go neere to redeeme them: there's *Plowden*, *Diar*, *Brooke*, and *Fitz Herbert*: diuers such as I must haue ere long: and you know I were as good saue fiue or sixe pounde as not, Vncle: I pray you moue it for me.

Sog. That I wil: when would you haue me to do it? presently?

Fung. O I, I pray you good Vncle. God send me good lucke: Lord (and it be thy wil) prosper it: O Iesu: now, now, if it take (O Christ) I am made for euer.

Fast. Shall I tell you sir: by this aire, I am the most beholding to that Lord, of any Gentleman liuing: hee dooes vse me the most honourably, and with the greatest respect, more indeed,

deed, than can be vtter'd with any opinion of truth.

Punt. Then haue you, the Count *Gratiato?*

Fast. As true noble a Gentleman too as any breathes; *I* am exceedingly endear'd to his loue: by *Iesu*, (I protest to you Signior; *I* speake it not gloriously, nor out of affectation, but) there he, and the Count *Frugale*, Signior *Illustre*, Signior *Luculento*, and a sort of them; that (when *I* am at the Court) they doo share mee amongst them. Happie is he can enioy me most priuate; *I* doo wish my selfe sometime an Vbiquitarie for their loue, in good faith.

Carl. There's neuer a one of these but might lye a weeke on the Racke, ere they could bring foorth his name: and yet hee powres them out as familiarly, as if hee had seene them stand by the fire in the presence, or tane Tabacco with them ouer the stage, in the Lords roome.

Punt. Then you must of necessitie knowe our Court-starre there? that planet of wit, *Maddona Sauiolina?*

Fast. O Lord sir! my mistresse.

Punt. *Is* she your mistresse?

Fast. Faith, heere be some slight fauours of hers sir, that doo speake it, *Shee is*; as this Scarfe sir, or this Ribband in mine eare, or so; this Feather grew in her sweete Fanne sometimes, though nowe it bee my poore fortune to weare it as you see sir; slight, slight, a foolish toy.

Punt. Well, shee is the Ladie of a most exalted, and ingenous spirit.

Fast. Did you euer heare any woman speake like her? or enricht with a more plentifull discourse?

Carl. O villanous! nothing but sound, sound, a meere *Eccho*, shee speakes as she goes tir'd, in Cobweb lawne, light, thin: good enough to catch flies withall.

Punt. O, manage your affections.

Fast. Well, if thou beest not plagu'd for this blasphemie one day: ------

Punt. Come, regarde not a *Iester*: it is in the power of my purse to make him speake well or ill of me.

Fast. Sir, I affirme it to you (vpon my Credit and iudgement) she has the most Harmonious and Musicall straine of Wit, that euer tempted a true eare; and yet to see, a rude rogue will profane Heauen.

Punt. I am not ignorant of it sir.

Fast. Oh, it flowes from her like *Nectar*; and she doth giue it, that sweete, quicke grace, and exornation in the composure, that (*By this good Heauen*) shee does obserue as pure a Phrase, and vse as choyse Figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be i'the *Arcadia*.

Car. Or rather in *Greenes* works, whence she may steale with more securitie.

Sord. Well, if tenne pound will fetch'hem, you shall haue it, but I'le part with no more.

Fun. I'le trie what that will doo, if you please.

Sord. Doo so: and when you haue'hem, studie hard.

Fun. Yes sir: and I could studie to get fortie shillings more now: well, I will put my selfe into the Fashion, as farre as this will goe, presently.

Sord. I wonder it raines not! the Almanacke saies we should haue store of raine to day.

Punt. Why sir, to morrow I will associate you to the Court my selfe; and from thence to the Cittie, about businesse, a Proiect I haue: I will expose it to you Sir: *Carlo* I am sure has heard of it.

Car. What's that sir?

Punt. I doo entend this yeare of *Iubile* to trauaile: and (because I will not altogither goe vpon expence) I am determined to put forth some fiue thousand pounde, to be paide me fiue for one, vpon the returne of my selfe, my Wife, and my Dogge, from the Turkes Court in *Constantinople*. If all, or either of vs miscarry in the iourney, 'tis gone: if wee be successefull, why, there will be xxv. thousand pounde to entertaine time withall. Nay, go not neighbour *Sordido*; stay to night, and helpe to make our societie the fuller. Gentlemen, frolicke: *Carlo*? what? dull now?

Car. I,

Car. I was thinking on your Proiect sir, and you call it so: is this the Dogge goes with you?

Punt. This is the Dogge Sir.

Car. He do'not go bare-foote, does he?

Punt. Away you traytor, away.

Car. Nay afore God, I speake simply; he may pricke his foote with a thorne, and bee as much as the whole venter is woorth. Besides, for a Dogge that neuer trauail'd before, it's a huge iourney to *Constantinople*: Ile tell you nowe (and hee were mine) I'ld haue some present conference with a Physitian, what Antidotes were good to giue him, and Preseruatiues against poyson: for (assure you) if once your money bee out, there will be diuers attempts made against the life of the poore *Animall*.

Punt. Thou art still dangerous.

Fast. Is Signior *Deliros* wife your kinswoman?

Sog. I sir, she is my Neece, my brothers daughter heere, and my Nephewes sister.

Sord. Doo you know her sir?

Fast. O God sir, Signior *Deliro* her husband is my Merchant.

Fun. I, haue seene this Gentleman there, often.

Fast. I crie you mercy sir: let me craue your name, pray you.

Fun. *Fungoso* sir.

Fast. Good Signior *Fungoso*, I shall request to know you better sir.

Fun. I am her brother sir.

Fast. In faire time sir.

Punt. Come Gentlemen, I will be your conduct.

Fast. Nay pray you sir; we shal meet at Signior *Deliro's* often.

Sog. You shall ha'me at the Herals office sir, for some weeke or so, at my first comming vp. Come *Carlo*. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

Mit. Me thinks *Cordatus*, he dwelt somewhat too long on this Scene: it hung in the hand.

Cord. I see not where he could haue insisted lesse, and to haue made the Humors perspicuous enough.

Mit. True, as his Subiect lies: but he might haue altered the shape of Argument, and explicated 'hem better in single *Scenes*.

Cord. That had bene Single indeed: why? be they not the same persons in this, as they would haue bene in those? and is it not an obiect of more State, to behold the *Scene* ful, and relieu'd with varietie of Speakers to the end, then to see a vast emptie stage, and the Actors come in (one by one) as if they were dropt downe with a feather into the eye of the Audience?

Mit. Nay, you are better traded with these things than I, and therefore I'le subscribe to your iudgement; marry you shal giue me leaue to make obiections.

Cord. O what else? it's the speciall intent of the Author you should do so: for thereby others (that are present) may as well be satisfied, who happily would obiect the same you do.

Mit. So sir, but when appeares *Macelente* againe?

Enter Macilente, Deliro, Fido, with hearbs and perfumes.

Cord. Mary he stayes but till our silence giue him leaue: here he comes, and with him, Signior *Deliro* a Merchant, at whose house he is come to soiourne: Make your own obseruation now: only transfer your thoughts to the Citie with the *Scene*: where, suppose they speake.

SCENA TERTIA.

Deliro. I'le tell you by and by sir.
Welcome (good *Macilente*) to my house,
To soiourne euen for euer, if my best
In cates, and euery sort of good intreaty
May moue you stay with me.

Deliro turnes to his boy, and falls a strowing of flowers.

Mac. I thanke you sir:
And yet the muffled Fates (had it pleas'd them)
Might haue suppli'd me from their owne full store
Without this word *(I thanke you)* to a foole.
I see no reason why that Dog (call'd *Chaunce*)
Should fawne vpon this fellow more than me:
I am a man, and I haue Limmes, Flesh, Bloud,
Bones, Sinewes, and a Soule as well as he:

My

My parts are euery way as good as his,
If I said better? why I did not lie;
Nath'leſſe his wealth (but nodding on my wants)
Muſt make me bow, and crie: *I thanke you ſir.*

Deli. Diſpatch, take heed your miſtreſſe ſee you not.

Fido. I warrant you ſir. *Exit Fido.*

Deli. Nay gentle friend be merry, raiſe your looke
Out of your boſome, I proteſt (by heauen)
You are the man moſt welcome in the world.

Mac. *I thanke you ſir*, I know my *cue* I thinke.

Enter Fido with two Cenſors.

Fido. Where will you haue 'hem burne ſir?

Deli. Here good *Fido:*
What? ſhe did not ſee thee?

Fido. No ſir.

Deli. That's well:
Strew, ſtrew, good *Fido*, the freſheſt flowers, ſo.

Mac. What meanes this Signior *Deliro*?

Deli. Caſt in more Frankincence, yet more, well ſaid.
O *Macilente*, I haue ſuch a wife,
So paſſing faire, ſo paſsing faire vnkind,
And of ſuch worth and right to be vnkind,
(Since no man can be worthie of her kindneſſe.)

Mac. What can there not?

Deli. No, that is ſure as death,
No man aliue: I doo not ſay *is not:*
But cannot poſsibly be worth her kindneſſe.
Nay that is certaine, let me doo her Right:
How ſaid *I*? doo her Right? as though *I* could,
As though this dull groſſe tongue of mine could vtter
The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite Rights
That ſir (as high as *I* can looke) within her.

Mac. This is ſuch dotage as was neuer heard.

Deli. Well, this muſt needs be graunted.

Mac. Graunted quoth you?

Deli. Nay *Macilente*; do not ſo diſcredit

The goodnes of your iudgement to denie it,
For I doo speake the very least of her.
And I would craue and beg no more of heauen
For all my fortunes here, but to be able
To vtter first in fit tearmes, what she is,
And then the true ioyes I conceiue in her.
Maci. Is't possible she should deserue so well
As you pretend?
Deli. I, and she knowes so well
Her owne deserts that (when I striue t'enioy them)
She waies the thing I doo, with what she merits:
And (seeing my worth outwai'd so in her graces)
She is so solemne, so precise, so froward,
That no obseruance I can doo to her,
Can make her kind to me: if she find fault,
I mend that fault, and then she saies I faulted
That *I* did mend it. Now good Friend aduise me
How *I* may temper this strange Splene in her.
Maci. You are too amorous, too obsequious,
And make her, too assur'd she may command you.
When women doubt most of their husbands loues,
They are most louing. Husbands must take heed
They giue no gluts of kindnesse to their wiues,
But vse them like their Horses, whom they feed
Not with a manger-full of meat together,
But halfe a pecke at once, and keepe them so
Still with an appetite to that they giue them.
He that desires to haue a louing wife,
Must bridle all the shew of that desire:
Be kind, not amorous, nor bewraying kindnesse,
As if loue wrought it, but considerate Dutie:
„Offer no loue-rites, but let wiues still seeke them,
„For when they come vnsought, they sildome like them.
Deli. Beleeue me *Macilente*, this is Gospell.
O that a man were his owne man so much,
To rule himselfe thus; *I* will striue y faith

To be more ſtrange and careleſſe: yet I hope
I haue now taken ſuch a perfect courſe,
To make her kind to me, and liue contented,
That I ſhall find my kindneſſe well return'd,
And haue no need to fight with my affections.
She (late) hath found much fault with euery roome
Within my houſe; One was too big (ſhe ſaid)
Another was not furniſht to her mind,
And ſo through all: All which I haue alter'd.
Then here ſhe hath a place (on my backſide)
Wherein ſhe loues to walke, and that (ſhe ſaid)
Had ſome ill ſmels about it. Now this walke
Haue I (before ſhe knowes it) thus perfum'd
With hearbes and flowers, and laid in diuers places
(As 'twere on Altars conſecrate to her)
Perfumed Gloues, and delicate chaines of Amber,
To keepe the aire in awe of her ſweete noſthrils:
This haue I done, and this I thinke will pleaſe her.
Behold ſhe comes.

Enter Fallace.

Fall. Here's a ſweet ſtinke indeed:
What, ſhall I euer be thus croſt and plagu'd?
And ſicke of husband? O my head doth ake
As it would cleaue aſunder with theſe ſauours,
All my Room's alter'd, and but one poore Walke
That I delighted in, and that is made
So fulſome with perfumes, that I am fear'd
(My braine doth ſweat ſo) I haue caught the plague.

Del. Why (gentle wife) is now thy walke too ſweete?
Thou ſaid'ſt of late it had ſower aires about it,
And found'ſt much fault, that I did not correct it.

Fall. Why, and I did find fault Sir?

Deli. Nay deare wife;
I know thou haſt ſaid thou haſt lou'd perfumes,
No woman better.

Fall.

Fall. I, long since perhaps.
But now that Sence is alterd: you would haue me
(Like to a puddle or standing poole)
To haue no motion, nor no spirit within me.
No, I am like a pure and sprightfull Riuer,
That moues for euer, and yet still the same:
Or fire that burnes much wood, yet still one flame.
Deli. But yesterday, I saw thee at our garden
Smelling on Roses and on purple flowers,
And since I hope the Humor of thy Sence
Is nothing chang'd.
Fall. Why those were growing flowers,
And these within my walke are cut and strew'd.
Deli. But yet they haue one sent.
Fall. I, haue they so?
In your grosse iudgement: if you make no difference
Betwixt the sent of growing flowers and cut ones,
You haue a sence to taste Lampe-oyle, y faith.
And with such iudgement haue you chang'd the chambers,
Leauing no roome that I can ioy to be in
In all your house: and now my Walke and all
You smoake me from, as if I were a Foxe,
And long belike to driue me quite away:
Well walke you there, and Ile walke where I list.
Deli. What shall I doo? oh I shall neuer please her.
Ma. Out on thee dotard, what starre rulde his birth?
That brought him such a Starre? blind Fortune still
Bestowes her gifts on such as cannot vse them:
How long shall I liue, ere I be so happie,
To haue a wife of this exceeding Forme?
Deli. Away with them, would I had broke a ioynt,
When I deuis'd this that should so dislike her,
Away, beare all away. *Fido beare all away.*
Fall. I doo: for feare
Ought that is there should like her. O this man
How cunningly he can conceale himselfe,

As though he lou'd? lou'd? nay honour'd and ador'd?

Deli. Why, my sweete heart?

Fall. Sweete-heart? oh, better still:
And asking why? wherefore? and looking strangely,
As if he were as white as innocence.
Alas, you're simple, you: you cannot change,
Looke pale at pleasure, and then red with Wonder:
No, no, not you: I did but cast an amorous eie e'en now
Vpon a paire of Gloues that somewhat likt me,
And straight he noted it, and gaue commaund
All should be tane away.

Deli. Be they my bane then:
What sirah, *Fido*, bring in those Gloues againe *Enter Fido.*
You tooke from hence.

Fall. S'body sirra, but do not:
Bring in no Gloues to spite me: If ye doe----

Deli. Ay me, most wretched; how am I misconstru'd?

Mac. O, how she tempts my heart-strings with her eye,
To knit them to her Beauties, or to breake?
What mou'd the heauens, that they could not make
Me such a woman? but a man; a beast,
That haath no bliss like to others. Would to God
(In wreake of my misfortunes) I were turn'd
To some faire water Nymph, that set vpon
The deepest whirlepit of the rau'nous Seas,
My Adamantine eyes might headlong hale
This yron world to me, and drowne it all.

Enter Fungoso in Briskes Sute.

G R E X.

Cord. Behold, behold, the transflated Gallant.

Mit. O, he is welcome.

Fung. God saue you Brother, and Sister, God saue you sir: I haue commendations for you out i'the countrey: I (wonder they take no knowledge of my Sute:) mine Vncle *Sogliardo* is in towne: Sister, me thinkes you are Melancholly: why are you so sad? I thinke you tooke me for Maister *Fastidius Briske*

(Sister) did you not?

Fall. Why should I take you for him?

Fun. Nay nothing, I was lately in Maister *Fastidius* his company, and me thinkes we are very like.

Deli. You haue a faire sute Brother, God giue you ioy on't.

Fung. Faith good ynough to ride in Brother, I made it to ride in.

Fall. O, now I see the cause of his idle demaund, was his new sute.

Deli. Pray you good brother, try if you can change her mood.

Fung. I warrant you, let mee alone. Ile put her out of her dumpes. Sister, how like you my sute?

Fall. O you are a gallant in print now Brother.

Fun. Faith, how like you the fashion? it is the last Edition I assure you.

Fall. I cannot but like it to the desert.

Fun. Troth sister, I was faine to borrow these Spurres, I ha' left my gowne in gage for them, pray you lend me an angell.

Fall. Now beshrow my heart then.

Fung. Good truth Ile pay you againe at my next exhibition: I had but bare ten pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me wholy into the fashion.

Fall. I care not.

Fung. I had Spurres of mine owne before, but they were not Ginglers. Monsier *Fastidius* will be here anon sister.

Fall. You iest?

Fun. Neuer lend me penny more (while you liue then) and that I'lde be loth to say, in truth.

Fall. When did you see him?

Fung. Yesterday, *I* came acquainted with him at Sir *Puntarnolo's*: nay sweet sister.

Mac. I faine would know of heauen now, why yond foole
Should weare such a sute of Sattin? he? that Rooke?
That painted lay, with such a deale of outside?
What is his inside trow? ha, ha, ha, ha.
Good heauen giue me patience,

A number

A number of these Popeniayes there are,
Whom if a man conferre, and but examine
Their inward merit, with such men as want;
Lord, Lord, what things they are!

Fall. Come, when will you pay me againe now?

Fun. O God Sister.

Enter Fastidius Briske in a new sute.

Mac. Here comes another.

Fast. Saue you Signior *Deliro*: how doest thou sweet Lady? Let me kisse thee.

Fun. How? a new sute? Ay me.

Deli. And how does Maister *Fastidius Briske*?

Fast. Faith liue in Court Signior *Deliro*, in grace I thank God, both of the Noble Masculine and Feminine. I must speake with you in priuate by and by.

Deli. When you please Sir.

Fall. Why looke you so pale brother?

Fun. Slid all this money is cast away now.

Maci. I, there's a newer Edition come forth.

Fun. Tis but my hard fortune: wel, Ile haue my sute changde, Ile go fetch my Tailor presently, but first Ile deuise a letter to my father. Ha'you any pen and inke Sister?

Fall. What would you do withall?

Fun. I would vse it. S'light and it had come but foure dayes sooner the Fashion. *Exit.*

Fast. There was a Counteesse gaue me her hand to kisse to day in the presence: it did me more good by Iesu, then, and yesternight sent her Coach twise to my lodging, to intreate me accompany her, and my sweet mistresse, with some two or three nameless Ladies more: O, I haue bene grac't by them, beyond all aime of affection: this is her garter, my dagger hanges in: and they doo so commend and approue my apparell, with my iudicious wearing of it, it's aboue wonder.

Fall. Indeed sir, tis a most excellent sute, and you doo weare it as extraordinary.

Fast. Why Ile tell you now(in good faith)and by this Chaire, which (by the grace of God) I entend presently to sit in, I had three Sutes in one yeare, made three great Ladies in loue with me: I had other three vndid three Gentlemen in imitation: and other three, gat three other Gentlewomen, Widdows of three thousand pound a yeare.

Deli. Is't possible?

Fast. O beleeue it sir; your good Face is the Witch, and your Apparell the Spelles, that bring all the pleasures of the world into their Circle.

Fall. Ah, the sweet Grace of a Courtier!

Mac. Well, would my father had left me but a good Face for my portion yet; though I had shar'd the vnfortunate Wit that goes with it, I had not car'de: I might haue past for somewhat in the world then.

Fast. Why, assure you Signior, rich apparell has strange vertues: it makes him that hath it without meanes, esteemed for an excellent Wit: he that enioyes it with meanes, puts the world in remembrance of his meanes: it helpes the deformities of Nature, and giues Lustre to her beauties: makes continuall Holiday where it shines: sets the wits of Ladies at worke, that otherwise would bee idle: furnisheth your two-shilling Ordinarie: takes possession of your Stage at your new Play: and enricheth your Oares, as scorning to goe with your Scull.

Mac. Pray you sir, adde this: it giues respect to your fooles, makes many Theeues, as many Strumpets, and no fewer Bankrups.

Fall. Out, out, vnworthie to speake where he breatheth.

Fast. What's he, Signior?

Deli. A friend of mine, sir.

Fast. By heauen, I wonder at you Cittizens, what kinde of Creatures you are?

Deli. Why sir?

Fast. That you can consort your selues with such poore scamrent fellowes.

Fall. He saies true.

Deli. Sir,

Deli. Sir I will assure you (how euer you esteeme of him) he's a man worthy of regard.

Fast. Why? what ha's hee in him of such vertue to be regarded? ha?

Deli. Marry he is a Scholler sir.

Fast. Nothing else?

Deli. And he is well trauailde.

Fast. He should get him cloathes; I would cherish those good parts of trauell in him, and preferre him to some Nobleman of good place.

Deli. Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for euer (in my friends right) and I doubt not but his desert shall more than answere my praise.

Fast. Why, and hee had good cloathes, I'ld carrie him to the Court with me to morrow.

Deli. He shall not want for those Sir, if Golde and the whole Cittie will furnish him.

Fast. You say wel sir: faith Signior *Deliro*, I am come to haue you play the *Alchymist* with me, and chaunge the *Species* of my land, into that mettall you talke of.

Deli. With all my heart sir, what summe will serue you?

Fast. Faith some three or foure score pound.

Deli. Troth sir, I haue promist to meete a Gentleman this morning in *Paules*, but vpon my returne I'le dispatch you.

Fast. Ile accompany you thither.

Deli. As you please sir: but I go not thither directly.

Fast. Tis no matter, I haue no other designment in hand, and therefore as good go along.

Deli. I were as good haue a Quartane feauer follow me now, for I shall ne're be ridde of him: (bring me a Cloake there one) Still vpon his grace at the Court am *I* sure to be visited: *I* was a beast to giue him any hope. Well, would *I* were in, that *I* am out with him once, and.--- Come Signior *Macilente*, *I* must conferre with you as we go. Nay deare wife, *I* beseech thee forsake these moodes: looke not like winter thus. Heere take my keyes, open my counting houses, spread all my wealth before

thee, chooſe any obiect that delightes thee: If thou wilt eate the ſpirit of Golde, and drinke diſſolu'd Pearle in Wine, tis for thee.

Fall. So Sir.

Deli. Nay my ſweet wife.

Fall. Good Lord! how you are perfumed in your tearmes and all: pray you leaue vs.

Deli. Come Gentlemen.

Faſt. Adue, ſweet Ladie. *Exeunt all but Fallace.*

Fall. I, I, Let thy wordes euer ſounde in mine eares, and thy Graces diſpearſe contentment through all my ſences: O, how happie is that Ladie aboue other Ladies, that enioyes ſo abſolute a Gentleman to her Seruant! A Counteſſe giue him her hand to kiſſe! ah fooliſh Counteſſe; hee's a man woorthie (if a woman may ſpeake of a mans woorth) to kiſſe the lips of an Empreſſe.

Enter Fungoſo with his Taylor.

Fun. What's Maiſter *Faſtidius* gone, ſiſter?

Fall. I brother: he has a Face like a *Cherubin*.

Fun. Gods me, what luck's this? I haue fecht my Taylor and all: which way went he ſiſter? can you tell?

Fall. Not I, in good faith: and hee has a bodie like an Angell.

Fun. How long is't ſince he went?

Fall. Why but e'en nowe: did you not meete him? and a Tongue able to rauiſh any woman in the earth.

Fun. O, for Gods ſake (Ile pleaſe you for your paines:) but e'en now, ſay you? Come good ſir: S'lid I had forgot it too: Siſter, if any bodie aske for mine Vncle *Sogliardo*, they ſhall ha' him at the *Heralds* Office yonder by *Paules*.

Exit with his Taylor.

Fall. Well; I will not altogither diſpaire: I haue heard of a Citizens wife has bene beloued of a Courtier; and why not I? heigh ho: well, I will into my priuate Chamber, locke the doore to me, and thinke ouer all his good parts one after another.

Exit.

GREX.

GREX.

Mit. Well, I doubt this laſt *Scene* will endure ſome grieuous Torture.

Cor. How? you feare 'twil be rackt by ſome hard Cõſtruction?

Mit. Doo not you?

Cord. No in good faith: vnleſſe mine eyes coulde light mee beyond *Sence*, I ſee no reaſon why this ſhould be more Liable to the Racke than the reſt: you'le ſay perhaps the Cittie will not take it well, that the Merchant is made here to dote ſo perfectly vpon his wife; and ſhe againe, to be ſo *Faſtidiouſly* affected, as ſhe is?

Mit. You haue vtter'd my thought ſir, indeed.

Cord. Why (by that proportion) the Court might as well take offence at him wee call the Courtier, and with much more Pretext, by how much the place tranſcendes and goes before in dignitie and vertue: but can you imagine that anie Noble or true Spirite in the Court (whoſe Sinewie, and altogether vnaffected graces, verie worthily expreſſe him a Courtier) will make any exception at the opening of ſuch an emptie Trunke as this *Briske* is? or thinke his owne worth impeacht by beholding his motley inſide?

Mit. No ſir, I doo not.

Cord. No more, aſſure you, will any graue wiſe Cittizen, or modeſt Matron, take the obiect of this Follie in *Deliro* and his Wife; but rather apply it as the foyle to their owne vertues: For that were to affirme, that a man writing of *Nero*, ſhould meane all Emperours: or ſpeaking of *Machiauel*, comprehend all States-men; or in our *Sordido*, all Farmars; and ſo of the reſt: than which, nothing can bee vtter'de more malicious and abſurd. Indeed there are a ſort of theſe narrow-ey'd Decipherers, I confeſſe, that will extort ſtraunge and abſtruſe meanings out of anie Subiect, bee it neuer ſo Conſpicuous and innocently deliuered. But to ſuch (where er'e they ſit conceald) let them knowe, the Authour defies them, and their writing-table; and hopes, no ſounde or ſafe iudgement, will infect it ſelfe with their contagious Comments, whoe

(indeed)

(indeed) come here only to peruert and poiſon the ſence of what they heare, and for nought elſe.

Mit. Stay, what new *Mute* is this that walks ſo ſuſpiciouſly?

ACTVS TERTIVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Cauelier Shift, with two Siquiſſes in his hand.

Cord. O, marry this is one, for whoſe better Illuſtration, we muſt deſire you to preſuppoſe the Stage, the middle Iſle in *Paules*; and that, the Weſt end of it.

Mit. So ſir: and what followes?

Cord. Faith a whole volume of Humor, and worthie the vnclaſping.

Mit. As how? what name do you giue him firſt?

Cord. He hath ſhift of names ſir: ſome call him *Apple Iohn*, ſome Signior *Whiffe*, marry his maine ſtanding name is *Cauelier Shift*: the reſt are but as cleane ſhirts to his *Natures*.

Mit. And what makes he in *Paules* now?

Cor. Troth as you ſee, for the aduancement of a *Siquis* or two; wherein he has ſo varied himſelfe, that if any one of them take, he may hull vp and down i'the Humorous world a little longer.

Mit. It ſeemes then, he beares a very changing ſaile?

Cor. O, as the wind ſir: here comes more.

Enter Orenge.

Shift. This is rare, I haue ſet vp my bils without diſcouerie.

Oren. What? Signior *Whiffe*? what fortune has brought you into theſe Weſt parts?

Shift. Troth Signior, nothing but your Rheume; I haue bene taking an ounce of Tabacco hard by heere with a Gentleman, and I am come to ſpit priuate in *Paules*. God ſaue you ſir.

Oren. Adue good Signior *Whiffe*. *Enter Cloue.*

Clone. Maiſter *Apple Iohn*? you are well met: when ſhall wee ſuppe together, and laugh and be fatte with thoſe good Wenches? ha?

Shift. Faith ſir, I muſt now leaue you, vpon a fewe Humors and occaſions: but when you pleaſe ſir, *Exit.*

Cloue. Fare-

Cloue. Farewell ſweet *Apple Iohn:* I wonder there are no more ſtore of Gallants here?

GREX.

Mit. What be theſe two, Signior?

Cor. Marry a couple ſir, that are meere ſtrangers to the whole ſcope of our Play; only come to walke a turne or two i'this *Scene* of *Paules* by chance.

They walke togither.

Oren. Saue you, good Maiſter *Cloue.*

Cloue. Sweet Maſter *Orenge.*

GREX.

Mit. How? *Cloue*, and *Orenge?*

Cor. I, and they are wel met, for 'tis as drie an *Orenge* as euer grew: nothing but *Salutation*, and *O God ſir*, and *It pleaſes you to ſay ſo ſir*; one that can laugh at a ieſt for company, with a moſt plauſible, and extemporall grace; and ſome houre after in priuate aske you what it was: the other, Monſieur *Cloue*, is a more ſpic't youth: he will ſit you a whole afternoone ſometimes, in a Book-ſellers ſhop, reading the Greeke, Italian, and Spaniſh: when hee vnderſtands not a word of eyther: if he had the Tongues to his Sutes, he were an excellent Linguiſt.

Cloue. Do you heare this reported for certainty?

Orenge. O good ſir.

Enter Puntaruolo, Carlo: two ſeruingmen following, one leading the Dogge.

Punt. Sirrah, take my Cloake: and you ſir knaue, followe mee cloſer: if thou looſeſt my Dogge, thou ſhalt die a Dogs death: I will hang thee.

Carl. Tut, feare him not, hee's a good leane ſlaue, hee loues a Dogge well I warrant him; I ſee by his looke, I: maſſe hee's ſomewhat like him. Sbloud poyſon him, make him away with a crooked pin, or ſomewhat man; thou maiſt haue more ſecuritie of thy life: and ſo Sir, what? you ha'not put out your whole venter yet? ha'you.

Punt. No, I do want yet ſome fifteene or ſixteene hundred

pounds: but my Lady (my wife) is out of her Humor; shee does not now goe.

Car. No? how then?

Punt. Marry, I am now enforc't to giue it out, vpon the returne of my selfe, my Dogge, and my Cat.

Car. Your Cat? where is shee?

Punt. My Squire has her there in the Bagge: Sirrah, looke to her: How lik'st thou my change, *Carlo?*

Car. Oh, for the better sir: your Cat has nine liues, and your wife has but one.

Punt. Besides, shee will neuer be Sea-sicke, which will saue me so much in Conserues: when saw you signior *Sogliardo?*

Car. I came from him but now, hee is at the Heraulds Office yonder: he requested me to goe afore, and take vp a man or two for him in *Paules*, against his Cognisance was readie.

Punt. What? has he purchast armes then?

Car. I, and rare ones too: of as many colours, as e're you sawe any fooles coat in your life. Ile go looke among yond Billes, and I can fit him with Legs to his Armes.

Pun. With Legs to his Armes! Good: I will go with you sir.

They go to looke vpon the Billes.

Enter Fastidius, Deliro, and Macilente.

Fast. Come, lets walke in the *Mediterraneum:* I assure you sir, I am not the least respected among Ladies: but let that passe: do you know how to goe into the Presence sir?

Mac. Why, on my feete sir.

Fast. No, on your head sir: for tis that must beare you out, I assure you; as thus sir: You must first haue an especiall care so to weare your Hat, that it oppresse not confusedly this your Predominant or Fore-top: because (when you come at the Presence doore) you may with once or twise stroking vp your Forehead thus, enter with your Predominant perfect: that is, standing vp stiffe.

Mac. As if one were frighted?

Fast. I sir.

Mac. Which indeed, a true feare of your Mistresse should doo,

doo, rather than Gumme water, or whites of Egges: is't not so Sir?

Fast. An ingenious obseruation: giue me leaue to craue your name sir.

Deli. His name is *Macilente* sir.

Fast. Good Signior *Macilente*: if this Gentleman, Signior *Deliro*, furnish you as he saies he will with cloathes, I will bring you to morrow by this time, into the presence of the most Diuine and *Acute* Ladie of the Court: you shall see sweet Silent Rhetorique, and Dumbe Eloquence speaking in her eye: but when shee speakes her selfe, such an Anotomie of Witte, so Sinewiz'd and Arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest Modell of pleasure that euer was, to beholde. Oh, she strikes the world into Admiration of her; (O, O, O) I cannot expresse'hem beleeue mee.

Mac. O, your onely Admiration, is your silence, sir.

Punt. Fore God *Carlo*, this is good; let's read'hem againe: *If there be anie Ladie, or Gentlewoman of good carriage, that is desirous to entertaine (to her priuate vses) a young straight and vpright Gentleman, of the age of fiue, or sixe and twentie at the most: who can serue in the nature of a Gentleman Vsher, and hath little legs of purpose, and a blacke Satten Sute of his owne to goe before her in: which Sute (for the more sweetning) now lies in Lauander: and can hide his face with her Fan, if need require: or sit in the colde at the staire foote for her, as well as an other Gentleman: Let her subscribe her Name and Place, and diligent respect shall be giuen.*

This is aboue measure excellent; ha?

Carl. No this, this: here's a fine slaue.

Punt. If this Citie, or the sub-urbs of the same, doo affoord any young Gentleman, of the 1.2. *or* 3. *head, more or lesse, whose friendes are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come to his hands, that (to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are) is affected to entertaine the most Gentlemanlike vse of Tabacco: as first, to giue it the most exquisite perfume; then, to know all the dilicate sweet formes of the assumption of it: as also the rare Corollary and practise of the Cuban Ebolition,* EVRIPVS, *and Whiffe; which he*

shall receiue or take in here at London, and euaporate at Vxbridge, or farder, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamour'd of these good faculties: May it please him, but (by a note of his hand) to specifie the place, or Ordinary where he vses to eat and lie, and most sweet attendance with Tabacco and Pipes of the best sort shall be minstred: STET QVÆSO CANDIDE LECTOR, Why this is without *Paratel*, this!

Carlo. Well, I'le marke this fellowe for *Sogliardo's* vse presently.

Put. Or rather, *Sogliardo* for his vse.

Carlo. Faith either of 'hem will serue, they are both good *Properties:* I'le designe the other a place too, that wee may see him.

Punt. No better place then the Mitre, that we may be Spectators with you *Carlo.* Soft, behold, who enters here: Signior *Sogliardo!* God saue you. *Enter Sogliardo.*

Sog. Saue you good sir *Puntaruolo*; your Dogge's in health sir I see: how now *Carlo?*

Car. We haue ta'ne simple paines to choose you out followers here.

Punt. Come hither Signior.

They shew him the Bils.

Cloue. Monsieur *Orenge*, yond' Gallants obserue vs; pray thee let's talke Fustian a litle and gul'hem: make'hem beleeue we are great Schollers.

Orenge. O Lord sir.

Cloue. Nay, pr'y thee let's, by Iesu: you haue an excellent habit in discourse.

Orenge. It pleases you to say so sir.

Cloue. By this Church you ha'la: nay come, begin: *Aristotle in his Damonologia approoues Scaliger for the best Nauigator in his time: and in his Hypercritiques, he reports him to be Heautontimorumenos*: you vnderstand the Greeke sir?

Orenge. O good sir.

Mac. For societies sake he does. O here be a couple of fine tame Parrets.

Cloue. Now

Cloue. Now sir, Whereas the *Ingennitie* of the time, and the soules *Syndresis* are but *Embrions* in Nature, added to the panch of *Esquiline*, & the *Inter-uallum* of the *Zodiack*, besides the *Eclipticke line* being *Optick* & not *Mental*, but by the *contemplatiue* and *Theoricke* part therof, doth demonstrate to vs the *vegetable circumference*, and the *ventositie* of the *Tropicks*, and whereas our *intellectuall* or *mincing capreall* (according to the *Metaphisicks*) as you may read in *Plato's Hisriomastix:* You conceiue me sir?

Oren. O Lord sir.

Clou. Then comming to the prety *Animal*, as *Reason long since is fled to Animals* you know, or indeed for the more *modelizing* or *enamelling*, or rather *diamondizing* of your *subiect*, you shall perceiue the *Hipotheses* or *Galaxia*, (whereof the *Meteors* long since had their *Initial inceptions* and *Notions*) to bee meerly *Pithagorical, Mathematicall*, and *Astronomicall:* for looke you sir, there is euer a kind of *Concinnitie* and *Species*. Let vs turne to our former discourse, for they marke vs not.

Fast. Masse, yonders the Knight *Puntaruolo*.

Deli. And my cousin *Sogliardo*, me thinkes.

Mac. I, and his familiar that haunts him, the diuel with a shining face.

Deli. Let them alone, obserue them not.

Sogliardo, Punt. Car. walke.

Sog. Nay I wil haue him, I am resolute for that, by this parchment gentlemen, I haue bene so toylde among the Harrots yonder, you wil not beleeue, they do speak in the strangest language, and giue a man the hardest termes for his money, that euer you knew.

Car. But ha'you armes? ha'you armes?

Sog. Yfaith, I thanke God I can write my selfe Gentlemen now, heeres my Pattent, it cost me thirtie pound by this breath.

Punt. A very faire Coat, well chargde, and full of Armorie.

Sog. Nay, it has as much varietie of colours in it, as you haue seene a Coat haue, how like you the Crest sir?

Punt. I vnderstand it not well, what is't?

Sog. Marry sir, it is your Bore without a head Rampant.

Punt. A Bore without a head, that's very rare.

Car. I, and Rampant too: troth I commend the Heralds wit, he has deciphered him well: A Swine without a head, without braine, wit, any thing indeed, Ramping to Gentilitie. You can blazon the reſt Signior? can you not?

Sog. O I, I haue it in writing here of purpoſe, it coſt me two ſhillings the tricking.

Car. Let's heare, let's heare.

Punt. It is the moſt vile, fooliſh, abſurd, palpable, and ridiculous Eſcutcheon that euer this eye ſuruiſde. Saue you good Monſieur *Faſtidius.* *They ſalute as they meete in the Walke.*

Car. Silence good knight: on, on.

Sog. *GYRONY* of eight pieces, *AZVRE* and *GVLES*, betweene three plates a *CHEVRON* engrailed checkey, *OR*, *VERT* and *ERMINES*; on a chiefe *ARGENT* betweene two *ANN'LETS*, ſables a Bores head *PROPER*.

Car. How's that? on a chiefe *ARGENT*?

Sog. On a chiefe *ARGENT*, a Bores head *PROPER* betweene two *ANN'LETS* ſables.

Carl. Slud, it's a Hogs Cheeke and Puddings in a Pewter field this.

Sog. How like you them ſignior?

Pũ. Let the world be, *Not without muſtard*, your Creſt is very rare ſir. *Here they ſhift, Faſt. mixes with Punt. Car. and Sogli. Deli. and Macilente, Cloue and Orenge, foure couple.*

Car. A frying pan to the Creſt, had no fellow.

Faſt. Intreat your poore friend to walke off a little Signior, I will ſalute the knight.

Car. Come lap't vp, lap't vp.

Faſt. You are right wel encountred ſir, how do's your fair Dog?

Pun. In reaſonable ſtate ſir, what Cittizen is that you were conſorted with? a merchant of any worth?

Faſt. 'Tis ſignior *Deliro* ſir.
Punt. Is it he? Saue you ſir.
Deli. Good ſir *Puntaruolo.* } *Salute.*

Mac. O what Copie of foole would this place miniſter to one endew'd with Patience to obſerue it?

Car. Nay

Car. Nay looke you sir, now you are a Gentleman, you must carry a more exalted presence, chaunge your moode and habite to a more austere forme, be exceeding proud, stand vpon your Gentilitie, and scorne euery man. Speak nothing humbly, neuer discourse vnder a Noble-man, though you neuer sawe him but riding to the *Starre-chamber*, it's all one. Loue no man, Trust no man, speake ill of no man to his face, nor well of any man behind his backe. Salute fairly on the front, and wish'hem hang'd vpon the turne. Spread your selfe vpon his bosome publikely, whose heart you would eate in priuate. These be principles, thinke on 'hem, I'le come to you againe presently.

Exit Car. Sogliardo mixes with Punt. and Fast. (ruffe.

Punt. Sirah, keep close, yet not so close, thy breath wil thaw my

Sog. O good cousin, I am a little busie, how does my neece, I am to walke with a knight here. *Enter Fung, with his Tailor.*

Fung. O he is here, looke you sir, that's the Gentleman.

Tail. What he i'the blush colourd Sattin?

Fung. I, he sir, thogh his sute blush, he blushes not: looke you, that's the sute sir: I would haue mine, such a sute without difference, such stuffe, such a wing, such a sleeue, such a skirt, belly and all; therefore, pray you obserue it. Haue you a paire of Tables?

Fast. Why do you see sir? they say I am Phantastical: why true, I know it, & I pursue my Humor still in cõtempt of this *censorious* age: S'light & a man should do nothing but what a sort of stale iudgements about this towne will approue in him, he were a sweet Asse, I'ld beg him y faith: I ne're knew any more find fault with a fashion, then they that knew not how to put themselues into it: For mine own part, so I please mine owne appetite, I am careless what the fustie World speakes of me, puh.

Fung. Do you marke how it hangs at the knee there?

Tail. I warrant you sir.

Eung. For Gods sake do, note all: do you see the Coller sir?

Tail. Feare nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch sir.

Pun. Pray God it do not: you'le make these linings serue? and helpe me for a chapman for the outside, will you?

Tail. I'le do my best sir: you'le put it off presently?

Fung. I

Fung. I, go with me to my chamber you shal haue it, but make hast of it, for the loue of Christ, for I'le sit i'my old sute, or else lie a bed and read the *Arcadia*, till you haue done.

Exit with Tailor. *Enter Car.*

Cast. O, if euer you were strucke with a iest, Gallants, now, now. I do vsher the most strange peece of Military Profession, that euer was discouer'd in *Insula Paulina*.

Fast. Where? where?

Punt. What is he for a Creature?

Carl. A Pimpe, a Pimpe, that I haue obseru'd yonder, the rarest *Superficies* of a humor: he comes euery morning to emptie his lungs in *Pauls* here, and offers vp some fiue or six *Hecatomb's* of faces and sighes, and away againe. Here he comes; nay walke, walke, bee not seene to note him, and wee shall haue excellent sport. *Enter Shift.*

Walkes by, and vses action to his Rapier.

Punt. S'lid he vented a sigh e'ne now, I thought he would haue blowne vp the church.

Carl. O you shall haue him giue a number of those false fires ere he depart.

Fast. See now he is expostulating with his Rapier, Looke, Looke.

Carl. Did you euer in your dayes obserue better passion ouer a hilt?

Punt. Except it were in the person of a Cutlers boy, or that the fellow were nothing but Vapour, I should thinke it impossible.

Car. See, againe, hee claps his sword o'the head, as who should say, Well, go to.

Fast. O violence, I wonder the blade can containe it selfe, being so prouokt.

Carl. *Wuh that, the moody Squire thumpt his brest,*
And rear'd his eyen to heauen for Reuenge.

Sog. Troth, and you be Gentlemen, Lets make'hem friends, and take vp the matter betweene his Rapier and he.

Carl. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay downe the matter,

ter, for this Rapier (it seemes) is in the nature of a Hanger on, and the good Gentleman would happily bee rid of him.

Fast. By my fayth and 'tis to bee suspected, I'le aske him,

Mac. O here's rich stuffe, for Christ sake, let vs goe,
A man would wish himselfe a senceless pillar,
Rather than view these monstrous prodigies:
Nil habet infœlix Paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod Ridiculos homines facit. *Exit, with Delire.*

Fast. Signior.

Shift. At your seruice.

Fast. Will you sell your Rapier?

Carl. S'bloud he is turn'd wild vpon the question, he looks as hee had seene a Serjeant.

Shift. Sell my Rapier? now God blesse me.

Punt. Amen.

Shift. You askt mee, if I would sell my Rapier Sir?

Fast. I did indeede.

Shift. Now Lord haue mercie vpon me.

Punt. Amen, I say still.

Shift. S'lud Sir, what should you behold in my face Sir, that should mooue you (as they say Sir) to aske me Sir, if I would sell my Rapier?

Fast. Nay (let me pray you Sir) be not moou'd: I protest I would rather haue beene silent, then any way offensiue, had I knowne your nature.

Shift. Sell my Rapier? Gods lid: Nay Sir (for mine own part) as I am a man that has seru'd in causes, or so, so I am not apt to iniurie any Gentleman in the degree of falling foule, but: sell my Rapier? I wil tel you Sir, I haue seru'd with this fooliſh Rapier, where some of vs dare not appeare in hast, I name no mā: but let that passe; Sell my Rapier? Death to my Lungs. This Rapier Sir, has trauel'd by my side Sir, the best part of France and the low Countrey: I haue seene *Vlishing*, *Brill*, and the *Haghe* with this Rapier, in my Lord of *Leysters* time: and (by Gods wil) he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would— Looke y ou sir, you presume to be a Gentleman of good sort,

and so likewise your friends here, If you haue any dispositiō to trauel, for the sight of seruice, or so, One, two, or al of you, I can lend you letters to diuers Officers and Commaunders in the Low Countries, that shal for my cause do you al the good offices that shall pertaine or belong to Gentlemen of your—— Please you to shewe the Bountie of your mind Sir, to impart some ten groats or halfe a Crown to our vse, til our abilitie be of growth to returne it, and wee shall thinke our selfe.—— Sbloud sell my Rapier?

Sog. I pray you what sayd he Signior? hee's a proper man.

Fast. Marie he tels me, if I please to shew the bountie of my mind, to impart some ten groates to his vse or so.

Punt. Breake his head, and giue it him.

Carl. I thought he had bin playing on the Iewes Trump I.

Shift. My Rapier? no sir: my Rapier is my Guard, my Defence, my Reuenew, my Honor: (if you cannot impart, be secret I beseech you) & I wil maintain it, where there is a grain of dust, or a drop of water: (hard is the choise when the valiant must eat their Armes or clem:) Sel my Rapier? no my Deare, I will not be deuorc't from thee yet, I haue euer found thee true as steele: & (you cannot impart sir) God saue you Gentlemen: (neuertheless if you haue a fancie to it sir.)

Fast. Pr'y thee away: is Signior *Deliro* departed?

Carl. Ha'you seene a Pimpe out-face his own wants better?

Sog. I commend him that he can dissemble them so well.

Punt. True, and hauing no better a cloak then he has for it neither. (Gentlemen.

Fast. Gods precious, what mischieuous lucke is this? adiew

Punt. Whither? in such haste, Monsieur *Fastidius*?

Fast. After my Marchant, Signior *Deliro* sir.

Carl. O hinder him not, he may hap lose his Tyde, a good Flounder i'faith. *Exit.*

Oren. Hark you Sig. *Whiffe*, a word with you. } *Oren. & Cloue*

Carl. How? Signior *Whiffe*? } *call Shift aside.*

Oren. What was the difference betweene that young Gallant that's gone, and you sir?

Shift.

Shift. No difference: he would h'a giu'n me fiue pound for my Rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all. (some termes.

Clou. O, was it no otherwise? we thought you had ben vpon

Shift. No other than you saw sir. (*Clou.*

Clou. Adiew good Master *Apple Iohn.* *Exeũt Oren. &*

Carl. How? *Whiffe*, and *Apple Iohn* too? Hart, what'll you say if this be the *Appendix* or Labell to both yond' Indentures?

Punt. It may be. *Car.* Resolue vs of it *Ianus*, thou that look'st euery way; or thou *Hercules*, that hast trauail'd all Countries.

Punt. Nay *Carlo*, spend not time in Inuocatiõ now; 'tis late.

Car. Signior, here's a Gentlemã desirous of your name sir.

Shift. My name is *Cauatier Shift*: I am knowne sufficiently in this walke sir.

Car. Shift? I heard your name varied e'ene now, as I take it.

Shift. True sir, it pleases the world (as I am her excellent *Tabacconist*) to giue me the style of Signior *Whiffe*: as I am a poore Esquire about the towne here, they cal me Master *Apple Iohn*, varietie of good names does well sir.

Carl. I, and good parts, to make those good names: out of which I imagine yond' Billes to bee yours.

Shift. Sir, if I should denie the *Scriptures*, I were worthy to bee banisht the middle yle for euer.

Carl. I take your word sir: this gentleman has subscrib'd to 'hẽ, & is most desirous to become your Pupil; mary you must vse expedition: *Signior Insulsõ Sogliardo*, this is the Professor.

Sog. In good time sir, nay good sir house your head, do you professe these sleights in Tabacco?

Shift. I doe more then professe sir, & (if you please to be a practitioner) I will vndertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any Ordinarie, Theatre, or the Tilt-yard if neede bee; the most popular assembly that is.

Punt. But you cannot bring him to the *Whiffe* so soone?

Shift. Yes as soone sir: he shall receiue the 1, 2, & 3. *Whiffe*, if it please him, & (vpon the receit) take his horse, drinke his three cups of Canarie, and expose one at Hounslow, a second at Staines, and a third at Bagshot.

Carl. Baw-waw. (*Countenance.*

Sog. You wil not ſerue me ſir, wil you? I'le giue you more thā

Shift. Pardon mee Sir, I do ſcorne to ſerue any man.

Carl. Who? he ſerue? S'bloud hee keepes High men, & Low men, he? hee has a fayre liuing at Fullam.

Shift. But in the nature of a fellow, I'le bee your follower if you pleaſe.

Sog. Sir, you ſhall ſtay and dine with me, & if we can agree, wee'le not part in haſte: I am very bountiful to mē of quality. Where ſhall wee goe Signior?

Punt. Your Mitre is your beſt houſe.

Shift. I can make this dog take as many whiffes as I liſt, and hee ſhall retaine, or refume them at my pleaſure.

Punt. By your patience, follow mee fellowes.

Sog. Sir *Puntaruolo.*

Punt. Pardon me, my dog ſhal not eate in his company for a Million. *Exit Punt. with his fellowes.*

Carl. Nay be not you amaz'd, Signior *Whiffe*, what e're that ſtiff-neckt Gentleman ſayes.

Sog. No, for you do not know the Humor of the Dog, as we do: where ſhal we dine *Carlo*? I would faine goe to one of theſe Ordinaries, now I am a Gentleman.

Carl. So you may, were you neuer at none yet?

Sog. No fayth, but they ſay, there reſorts your moſt choyſe Gallants.

Car. True, and the faſhion is, when any ſtranger comes in amongſt 'hem, they all ſtand vp and ſtare at him, as hee were ſome vnknowne beaſt brought out of Affricke, but that'll be helpt with a good aduenturous face; you muſt bee impudent enough, ſit downe, and vſe no reſpect: when any thing's propounded aboue your capacitie, ſmile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'le thinke you haue trauel'd: though you argue a whole day in ſilence thus, and diſcourſe in nothing but laughter, 'twill paſſe. Onely (now and then) giue fire, diſcharge a good full Oth, and offer a great Wager, 'twill be admirable.

Sog. I warrãt you, I am resolute, come good Signior, theres a poore French crowne for your Ordinarie.

Shift, It comes wel, for I had not so much as the least Portcullice of coyne before. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Mit. I trauell with another obiection Signior, which I feare wil be enforc'd against the Author, ere I cã be deliuer'd of it.

Cord. What's that sir?

Mit. That the argument of his Comedie might haue bin of some other nature, as of a Duke to bee in loue with a Countesse, and that Countesse to be in loue with the Dukes sonne, and the sonne to loue the Ladies wayting-maide: some such crosse wooing, with a Clowne to their seruing-man, better than to bee thus neere and familiarly allied to the time.

Cord. You say wel, but I would faine heare one of these Autumne-iudgemẽts define once, *Quid sit Comœdia*? if he cãnot, let him content himselfe with *Ciceros* definition (till hee haue strength to propose to himself a better) who would haue a Comedie to be *Imitatio vitæ, Speculum Consuetudinis, Imago veritatis*, a thing throughout pleasant & ridiculous, & accommodated to the correction of maners: if the maker haue fail'd in any particle of this, they may worthily taxe him, but if not, why; be you (that are for them) silent, as I will be for him; and giue way to the Actors.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Sordido *with a halter about his necke.*

Sord. Nay Gods precious, if the weather and the season be so respectlesse, that Beggers shall liue as well as their betters; and that my hunger and thirst for riches, shall not make them hunger and thirst with Pouertie; that my sleeps shall be broken, and their hearts not broken; that my coffers shal be full, and yet care; theirs emptie, and yet merrie: Tis time that a Crosse should beare flesh and bloud, since flesh and bloud cannot beare this crosse.

GREX.

Mit. What will hee hang himselfe?
Cor. Faith I, it seemes his Prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despaire.
Mit. Beshrow me, he wil be out of his Humor then indeed.

Sord. Tut, these star-monger knaues, who would trust 'hem? one saies, darke and rainy, when 'tis as cleere as Christall; another saies, tempestuous blasts and stormes, and 'twas as calme as a Milk-bowle; here be sweet rascals for a man to credit his whole fortunes with: You skie-staring Cockscombs you: you fat braines, out vpon you; you are good for nothing but to sweate night-caps, and make rug-gownes deare: you learned men, & haue not a legion of deuils, *a vostre seruice: a vostre seruice?* By heauen I think I shall die a better scholler then they: but soft, how now sirrah? *Enter a Hind with a letter.*

Hind. Here's a letter come from your sonne sir.

Sord. From my sonne sir? what would my sonne sir? some good newes no doubt. *The letter.*

Sweet & deere father (desiring you first to send me your blessing, which is more worth to me thã gold or siluer) I desire you likewise to be aduertised, that this Shrouetide (contrary to custome) wo vse alwaies to haue Reuels; which is indeed dancing, & makes an excellẽt shew in truth; especially if we Gentlemen be well attir'd, which our Seniors note, & thinke the better of our fathers, the better wee are maintain'd, & that they shal know if they come vp, & haue any thing to do in the Law: therfore good father, these are (for your own sake, as wel as mine) to re-desire you, that you let me not wãt that which is fit for the setting vp of our name in the honorable volume of Gẽtility, that I may say to our Columnators with Tully, *EGO SVM ORTVS DOMVS MEAE, TV OCCASSVS TVAE. And thus (not doubting of your fatherly Beneuolence) I humbly ask you blessing, and pray God to blesse you.* *Yours, if his owne.*

How's this? *Yours, if his own?* is he not my sonne, except he be his own sonne? Belike this is some new kinde of subscription the Gallants vse. Well, wherefore doest thou stay knaue? Away; goe. *Exit Hind.*

Here's

Here's a letter indeed; Reuels? & beneuolence? is this a weather to send beneuolence? or is this a season to reuell in? S'lid the diuell and all takes part to vexe mee I thinke: this letter would neuer haue come now else, now, now, when the sunne shines, and the ayre thus cleere. Soule if this hold, wee shall shortly haue an excellent crop of corne spring out of the high waies, the streets and houses of the towne will be hid with the rankenesse of the fruits that grow there, in spight of good Husbandry. Go to, Ile preuent the sight of it, come as quickly as it can, I wil preuent the sight of it. I haue this remedie *Heauen*: stay; Ile trie the paine thus a little: O, nothing, nothing. Wel, now shall my sonne gaine a beneuolence by my death? or any body be the better for my gold, or so forth? No. Aliue I kept it from 'hem, and (dead) my ghost shal walke about it, and preserue it, my sonne and daughter shall sterue ere they touch it, I haue hid it as deepe as Hell from the sight of Heauen, and to it I goe now. *Fals off.*

Enter Rustici, 5. or 6. one after another.

Rust. 1 Aye me, what pitifull sight is this? helpe, helpe, help.

Rust. 2 How now? what's the matter?

Rust. 1 O here's a man has hang'd himselfe, helpe to get him againe.

Rust. 2 Hang'd himselfe? Slid carry him afore a Iustice, 'tis *chance medley* on my word.

Rust. 3 How now, what's here to doe?

Rust. 4. How comes this?

Rust. 2 One has executed himselfe contrary to the order of Law, and by my consent hee shall answer't.

Rust. 5 Would he were in case to answere it.

Rust. 1 Stand by, he recouers, giue him breath.

Sord. Oh.

Rust. 5 Masse, 'twas well you went the foote-way neighbor.

Rust. 1 I, and I had not cut the halter. (done.

Sord. How? cut the halter? Aye mee, I am vndone, I am vn-

Rust. 2 Mary if you had not beene vndone, you had beene hang'd I can tell you.

Sord. You

Sord. You thredbare horſ-bread eating raſcals, if you would needs haue beene medling, could you not haue vntied it, but you muſt cut it? and in the midſt too? Aye mee.

*Ruſt.*1 Out on mee, 'tis the Caterpiller *Sordido*; how curſed are the poore, that the viper was bleſt with this good fortune?

*Ruſt.*2 Nay, how accurſt art thou, that art cauſe to the curſe of the poore?

*Ruſt.*3 I, and to ſaue ſo wretched a Caytife.

*Ruſt.*4. Curſt bee thy fingers that looſ'd him.

*Ruſt.*2 Some deſperate furie poſſeſſe thee, that thou maieſt hang thy ſelfe too.

*Ruſt.*5 Neuer maieſt thou bee ſau'd, that ſau'd ſo damn'd a monſter.

Sord. What curſes breathe theſe men, how haue my deeds
Made my lookes differ from another mans,
That they ſhould thus deteſt, and lothe my life?
Out on my wretched Humor, it is that
Makes mee thus monſtrous in true humane eyes.
Pardon me (gentle friends) I'le make faire mends
For my foule errours paſt, and twentie-fold
Reſtore to all men, what with wrong I rob'd them:
My Barnes and Garners ſhall ſtand open ſtill
To all the poore that come, and my beſt graine
Be made alms-bread, to feed halfe-famiſht mouthes.
Though hitherto amongſt you I haue liu'd
Like an vnſauorie Muck-hill to my ſelfe,
Yet now my gather'd heapes being ſpread abroad,
Shall turne to better, and more fruitfull vſes.
Bleſſe then this man, curſe him no more for ſauing
My life and ſoule together. Oh how deepely
The bitter curſes of the poore doe pierce!
I am by wonder chang'd, come in with mee
And witneſſe my repentance: now I proue
„ No life is bleſt, that is not grac't with Loue. *Exit.*

*Ruſt.*2 O miracle! ſee when a man has grace.

*Ruſt.*3 Had't not beene pitie ſo good a man ſhould haue beene caſt away?

*Ruſt.*2 Well

Ruſt. 2 Well, I'le get our Clarke put his conuerſion in the Chronicle.

Ruſt. 4 Doe, for I warrant him hee's a vertuous man.

Ruſt. O God how he wept if you mark't it: did you ſee how the teares trill'd?

Ruſt. 5 Yes beleeue mee; like maſter Vicars bowles vpon the greene, for all the world.

3 *or* 4. O neighbour, God's bleſsing your heart neighbor, 'twas a good gratefull deede. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Cord. How now *Mitis*? what's that you conſider ſo ſeriouſly?

Mit. Troth, that which doth eſſentially pleaſe me: the warping condition of this greene and ſoggie multitude: but in good fayth Signior, your Author hath largely ouer-ſlipt my expectation in this Scene, I will liberally confeſſe it. For whē I ſaw *Sordido* ſo deſperately intended, I thought I had had a hand of him then. (indeede?

Cord. What? you ſuppos'd hee ſhould haue hung himſelfe

Mit. I did; and had fram'd my obiection to it readie, which may yet be very fitly vrg'd, & with ſome neceſsity: for though his purpoſ'd violence loſt th'effect, & extended not to death, yet the Intent and Horror of the obiect, was more then the nature of a Comedie will in any ſort allow.

Cord. I? what thinke you of *Plautus*, in his Comedie called *Ciſtellaria* there? where hee brings in *Alceſimarchus* with a drawne ſword, readie to kill himſelfe, and as he is e'ne fixing his breaſt vpon it, to be reſtrain'd from his reſolu'd out-rage by *Silenium* and the Bawd: is not his authoritie of power to giue our Scene approbation?

Mit. Sir, I haue this (your only) euaſion left mee, to ſay, *I thinke it bee ſo indeede, your memorie is happier than mine*: but I wonder what engine hee wil vſe to bring the reſt out of their Humors.

Cord. That will appeare anon, neuer preoccupie your imagination withall. Let your mind keepe companie with the

Scene ſtil, which now remoues it ſelfe from the Countrey to the Court. Here comes *Macilente* and Signior *Briske* freſhly ſuted, looſe not your ſelfe, for now the *Epitaſis* or buſie part of our Subject is in Action.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Macilente, Briske, Cinedo, with Tabacco.

Faſt. Well now Signior *Macilente*, you are not onely welcome to the Court, but alſo to my miſtris with drawing chãber: Boy, get me ſome *Tabacco*, Ile but goe in, and ſhew I am here, and come to you preſently ſir. *Exit.*

Mac. What's that hee ſayd? by heauen I markt him not,
My thoughts and I were of another world;
I was admiring mine owne outſide here,
To thinke what priuiledge and palme it beares
Here in the court: Be a man ne're ſo vile
In wit, in judgement, in manners, or what elſe;
If hee can purchaſe but a Silken couer,
He ſhall not onely paſſe, but paſſe regarded:
Whereas let him be poore and meanely clad,
Though ne're ſo richly parted; you ſhall haue
A fellow (that knowes nothing but his Beefe
Or how to rince his clammie guts in beere)
Will take him by the ſhoulders or the throate,
And kicke him downe the ſtaires. Such is the ſtate
Of vertue in bad clothes, ha, ha, ha, ha,
That Rayment ſhould be in ſuch high requeſt?
How long ſhould I be e're I ſhould put off
To my Lord *Chancelors* tombe, or the *Shriues* poſts?
By heauen (I thinke) a thouſand thouſand yeere.
His Grauitie, his wiſedome, and his fayth,
To my dread Soueraigne (graces that ſuruiue him)
Theſe I could well endure to reuerence,
But not his tombe, no more then Ile commend
The Chappell Organ for the guilt without,
Or this baſe Violl for the varnißht face. *Enter Faſt.*

Faſt. In faith I haue made you ſtay ſomewhat long ſir; but is my

my *Tabacco* ready boy?

Cine. I sir.

Fast. Giue me, my mistresse is vpon comming, you shall see her presently sir, (*Tab.*) you'le say you neuer accosted a more piercing wit. This *Tabacco* is not dried Boy, or else the Pipe's defectiue. Oh, your wits of Italy are nothing comparable to her, her braine's a very quiuer of iests, and she do's dart them abroad with that sweete loose and judiciall aime, that you would—here she comes sir.

Enter Sauiolina, and goes in againe.

Mac. 'Twas time, his inuention had beene bogd else.

Saui. Giue mee my fanne there.

Mac. How now Monsieur *Briske*?

Fast. A kind of affectionate reuerence strikes me with a cold shiuering (me thinkes)

Mac. I like such tempers well, as stand before their Mistresses with feare and trembling, and before their Maker like impudent mountaines.

Fast. By Iesu, I'ld spend twentie pound my vauting Horse stood here now, she might see me doe but one tricke.

Mac. Why, do's she loue actiuitie?

Cine. Or if you had but your long stockings on, to be dancing a Galliard, as she comes by.

Fast. I either. O these stirring humors make Ladies madde with desire: she comes. My good *Genius* embolden me. Boy the Pipe quickly.

Enter Sauiolina.

Mac. What, will he giue her musicke?

Fast. A second good morrow to my faire mistresse.

Saui. Faire seruant, Ile thanke you a day hence, when the date of your salutation comes forth.

Fast. How like you that answere, i'st not admirable? (sir.

Mac. I were a simple Courtier, if I could not admire trifles.

Fast. Troth sweet Lady, I shal (*Tab.*) be prepar'd to giue you thanks for those thanks, and (*Tab.*) study more officious and obsequious regards (*Tab.*) to your faire beauties; (*Tab.*) mend the pipe boy.

Mac. I ne're knew *Tabacco* taken as a *parentheſis* before.

Faſt. Fore God (ſweet Ladie) beleeue it, I doe honour the meaneſt ruſh in this chamber for your loue.

Saui. I, you need not tell me that ſir, I do think you do prize a ruſh before my loue.

Mac. Is this the wonder of nations?

Faſt. O, by Ieſu pardon me, I ſaid for your loue, by this light; but it is the accuſtomed ſharpneſſe of your Ingenuitie ſweete Miſtreſſe to—Maſſe your Violl's new ſtrung me thinkes.

Takes downe the Violl.

Mac. Ingenuitie; I ſee his ignorance will not ſuffer him to ſlander her; which hee had done moſt notably, if he had ſayd *Wit* for *Ingenuitie*, as he meant it.

Faſt. By the ſoule of Muſicke Ladie (*hum, hum*)

Saui. Would wee might heare it once.

Faſt. I doe more adore and admire your (*hum, hum*) predominate perfections, than (*hum, hum*) euer I ſhall haue power and facultie to expreſſe (*hum,*)

Saui. Vpon the Violl *de Gambo* you meane?

Faſt. It's miſerably out of tune, by this hand.

Saui. Nay, rather by the fingers.

Mac. It makes good *Harmonie* with her wit.

Faſt. Sweete Ladie tune it. Boy, ſome *Tabacco.*

Mac. Tabacco againe? he do's court his miſtreſſe with very exceeding good changes.

Faſt. Signior *Macilente*, you take none ſir? (*Tab.*)

Mac. No, vnleſſe I had a miſtreſſe Signior, it were a great *Indecorum* for mee to take *Tabacco.*

Faſt. How like you her wit? (*Tab.*)

Mac. Her *Ingenuitie* is excellent ſir.

Faſt. You ſee the ſubject of her ſweete fingers there? (*Tab.*) Oh ſhee tickles it ſo, that (*Tab.*) ſhee makes it laugh moſt Diuinely, (*Tab.*) Ile tell you a good jeſt now, and your ſelfe ſhall ſay i'ts a good one: I haue wiſht my ſelfe to be that Inſtrument (I think) a thouſand times, and not ſo few, by Heauens (*Tab.*)

Maci. Not

Maci. Not vnlike sir: but how? to be caſ'd vp and hung by on the wall?

Faſt. O, no sir, to bee in vſe I assure you; as your judicious eyes may teſtifie. (*Tab.*)

Saui. Here seruant, if you will play, come.

Faſt. Instantly, sweete Ladie (*Tab.*) In good fayth here's moſt Diuine *Tabacco.*

Saui. Nay, I cannot ſtay, to Daunce after your Pipe.

Faſt. Good, my deere Ladie ſtay: by this ſweete Smoke, I thinke your wit bee all fire. (*Tab.*)

Mac. And hee's the *Salamander* that liues by it.

Saui. Is your *Tabacco* perfum'd sir, that you sweare by the ſweete Smoke.

Faſt. Still more excellent: before God, and theſe bright Heauens, I thinke (*Tab.*) you are made of *Ingenuitie*, I. (*Tab.*)

Maci. True, as your diſcourſe is: O abominable!

Faſt. Will your Ladiſhip take any?

Saui. O, peace I pray you; I loue not the breath of a *Wood-*

Faſt. Meaning my head, Ladie? (*cocks* head.

Saui. Not altogether ſo sir; but (as it were Fatal to their follies, that thinke to grace themſelues with taking *Tabacco*, when they want better entertainement) you ſee your Pipe beares the true forme of a *Woodcocks* head.

O Admirable *Simile*!

Saui. 'Tis beſt leauing you in Admiration, sir.

Exit Sauiolina.

Mac. Are theſe the admirable Ladi-wits, that hauing ſo good a Plaine-ſong, can run no better Diuiſion vpon it. S'heart, all her jeſts are of the ſtampe *March* was fifteene yeres agoe. Is this the *Comet* Monſieur *Faſtidius*, that your Gallants wonder at ſo?

Faſt. Heart of a Gentleman to neglect mee afore preſence thus: Sweet Sir, I beſeech you be ſilent in my diſgrace; By Ieſu, I neuer was in ſo vile a Humor in my life, and her wit was at the floud too: Report it not for a million good sir; let me be ſo farre endear'd to your loue. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Mit. What followes next, Signior *Cordatus*? this Gallants Humor is almost spent me thinks, it ebbes apace, with this contrarie breath of his mistresse.

Cord. O, but it will flow againe for all this, till there come a generall drought of Humor among all our Actors, and then I feare not, but his will fall as low as any. See who presents himselfe here?

Mit. What, i'the old case?

Cord. Ifaith, which makes it the more pitifull; you vnderstand where the Scene is?

ACTVS QVARTVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Fungoso, Fallace following him.

Fall. Why are you so Melancholy brother?

Fun. I am not melancholy, I thanke you sister.

Fall. Why are you not merie then? there are but two of vs in the world, and if wee should not bee comforts to one another, God helpe vs.

Fun. Faith, I cannot tell sister, but if a man had any true melancholy in him, it would make him melancholy, to see his yeomanly father cut his neighbours throats to make his sonne a Gentleman: and yet when he has cut 'hem, he will see his sonnes throat cut too, e're he make him a true Gentleman indeed, before death cut his own throat. I must be the first Head of our house, and yet hee will not giue me the head, till I bee made so. Is any man term'd a Gentleman, that is not alwaies i'the fashion? I would know but that.

Fall. If you bee melancholy for that, brother, I think I haue as much cause to bee melancholy, as one; for I'le be sworne I liue as little in the fashiō, as any woman in *London*. By the Bible of heauen (beast that I am to say it) I haue not one friend i'the world besides my husband. When saw you Master *Fastidius Briske*, Brother?

Fun. But a while since sister, I thinke, I know not well in truth, By Gods lid I could fight, with all my heart, me thinks.

Fall. Nay

Fall. Nay good Brother, be not resolute.

Fun. I sent him a letter, and he writes me no answer neither.

Fall. Oh sweete *Fastidius Briske*, O fine *Courtier*, thou art he makst me sigh & say, How blessed is that woman that hath a *Courtier* to her husband? & how miserable a dame she is that hath neither husbād nor friend in the *Court*? O sweet *Fastidius*, O fine *Courtier*. How comely hee bowes him in his courtesie? how ful he hits a womā betwixt the lips whē he kisses? how vpright he sits at the table? how daintily he carues? how sweetly he talks, and tels newes of this Lord, and of that Lady? how cleanely hee wipes his spoone at euery spoonfull of any whitmeate hee eates, and what a neate case of pick-toothes he carries about him still? O sweete *Fastidius*, O fine *Courtier*.

Enter Deliro with Musicians.

Deli. See, yonder she is Gentlemē, now (as euer you'le beare the name of *Musicians*) touch your instruments sweetly, she has a delicate eare, I tell you, play not a false note I beseech you.

Musi. Feare not, Signior *Deliro*.

Deli. O begin, begin some sprightly thing; Lord, howe my imagination labours with the successe of it: well sayd, good yfaith, heauen grant it please her: I'le not bee seene, for then shee'le be sure to dislike it.

Fall. Hayda, this is excellent: I'le lay my life this is my husbands dotage. I thought so, nay neuer play peeke-boe with me, I know you doe nothing but studie how to anger mee sir.

Deli. Anger thee, sweete wife? why, didst thou not send for Musicians to supper last night thy selfe?

Fall. To supper Sir? now come vp to supper I beseech you: as though there were no difference betweene Supper time when folks should be merrie, and this time, when they would be Melancholy? I would neuer take vpon me to take a wife, if I had no more Iudgement to please her.

Deli. Be pleas'd sweet wife, & they shal ha' done: & would to Christ my life were done, if I can neuer please thee.

Exit Musicians. *Enter Macilente.*

Maci. God

Maci. God saue you Ladie; where is Master *Deliro*?

Deli. Here, Master *Macilente*: you'r welcome frō the Court Sir; no doubt you haue beene grac't exceedingly of Master *Brisks* Mistresse, and the rest of the Ladies for his sake?

Mac. Alas, the poore *Phantastick*, hee's scarce knowne
To any Lady there: and those that know him,
Know him the simplest man of all they know:
Deride, and play vpon his amorous Humors,
Though hee but Apishly doth imitate
The Gallans't Courtiers, kissing Ladies Pumps,
Holding the Cloth for them, praysing their Wits,
And seruily obseruing euery one,
May doe them pleasure: Fearefull to bee seene
With any man (though hee bee ne're so worthy)
That's not in grace with some that are the greatest.
Thus Courtiers doe, and these hee counterfeits,
But sets not such a sightly carriage
Vpon their vanities, as they themselues;
And therefore they despise him: for indeed
Hee's like a *Zani* to a Tumbler,
That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh.

Fall. Here's an vnthankful spitefull wretch: the good Gentleman vouchsaft to make him his companion (because my husband put him into a few Rags) and now see how the vnrude Rascall back-bites him.

Deli. Is he no more grac't amongst 'hem then? say you?

Mac. Faith like a pawne at *Chesse*, fils vp a roume, that's all.

Fall. O monster of men! can the Earth beare such an enuious Caytiffe?

Deli. Well, I repent me I e're credited him so much: but (now I see what he is, & that his masking vizor is off) I'le forbeare him no longer, al his lands are morgag'd to me, and forfeited; besides, I 'aue bonds of his in my hand for the receit of now xx pound, now xxx, now xxv: still as he has had a Fanne but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new Sute. Wel, I'le salute him by a *Sergeāt*, the next time I see him yfaith, I'le Suit him.

Maci.

Mac. Why, you may soone see him sir, for he is to meet Signior *Puntaruolo* at a *Notaries* by the *Exchange* presently, where he meanes to take vp vpon returne.

Fall. Now out vpon thee *Iudas*; canst thou not bee content to backe-bite thy friend, but thou wilt betray him? wilt thou seeke the vndoing of any man? and of such a man too? and will you sir get your liuing by the counsell of Traitors?

Deli. Deere wife haue patience.

Fall. The house will fall, the ground will open, & swallow vs: Ile not bide here for all the gold and siluer in Heauen. *Exit.*

Deli. O good *Macilente* let's follow and appease her, or the Peace of my life is at an end. *Exit.*

Maci. Now *Peasse*, and not Peace feede that life, whose head hangs so heauily ouer a womans Manger. *Exit.*

Enter Fallace running, at another doore, and claps it to.

Fall. Helpe me, brother: Gods body and you come here, I'le doe my selfe a mischiefe.

Deli. Nay, heare me sweet wife, vnlesse thou wilt haue me goe, I will not go. *Within.*

Fall. Tut, you shall n'ere ha' that vantage of mee, to say you are vndone by mee: I'le not bid you stay, I. Brother, sweete brother, here's foure Angels, I'le giue you toward your Sute; for the loue of Iesu, and as euer you came of Christen creature, make haste to the water side (you know where Master *Fastidius* vses to land) and giue him warning of my husbands intent; and tell him of that leane Rascals trecherie: O Iesu, how my flesh rises at him? nay, sweete brother make haste, you may say I would haue writ to him, but that the necessitie of the time would not suffer it: He cannot choose but take it extraordinarily from mee; and Commend mee to him good brother; say I sent you. *Exit.*

Fung. Let mee see; these foure Angels; and then fortie shillings more I can borrow on my gowne in Fetter-lane: well, I will goe presently, say on my Sute, pay as much money as I haue, and sweare my selfe into Credit with my Taylor for the rest. *Exit.*

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Deliro with Macilente, speaking as they passe ouer the Stage.

Deli. O, on my soule you wrong her *Macilente*, Though she be froward, yet I know shee is honest.

Mac. Well, then haue I no iudgement; would any woman (but one that were wild in her affections) haue broke out into that immodest and violent Passion against her husband? or is't possible——

Deli. If you loue me, forbeare; all the Arguments i'the world shall neuer wrest my heart to beleeue it. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Cord. How like you the Deciphering of his Dotage?

Mit. O, strangely; and of the others enuie too, that labours so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here comes the Knight Aduenturer.

Cord. I, and his *Scriuener* with him.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Puntaruolo, Notarie, With Seruingmen.

Punt. I wonder Monsieur *Fastidius* comes not! but *Notarie*, if thou please to draw the Indentures the while, I will giue thee the *Theorie*.

Not. With all my heart sir; and i'le fall in hand with 'hem presently.

Punt. Well then, first; the *Summe* is to bee vnderstood.

Not. Good, sir.

Punt. Next, our seuerall *Appellations*, and *Character* of my Dogge and Cat must bee knowne: shew him the Cat sirrah.

Not. So sir.

Punt. Then, that the intended *Point*, is the Turks Court in *Constantinople*: the Time limited for our returne, a yeere: and that if either of vs miscarrie, the whole Venter is lost. These are Generall; conceiu'st thou? or if either of vs turne *Turque*.

Not. I sir.

Punt. Now for Particulars: that I may make my trauailes by

Sea

Sea or *Land* for my best liking: and that (hiring a Coach for my selfe) it shall be lawfull for my Cat and Dog to ride with me in the sayd Coach.

Not. Very good sir.

Punt. That I may choose to giue my Dogge or Cat Fish, for feare of bones, or any other Nutriment, that (by the iudgement of the most Autentical *Phisicians* where I trauaile) shal be thought dangerous.

Not. Well sir.

Pun. That (after the receit of his mony) he shal neither in his owne person, or any other, either by direct, or indirect meanes; as *Magicke*, *Witchcraft*, or other such *Exotick* Arts, attempt, practise, or complot any thing, to the preiudice of Mee, my Dogge, or my Cat: Neither shall I vse the helpe of any such Sorceries or Enchantments; as Vnctions to make our skins impenetrable, or to trauaile inuisible, by vertue of a Powder, or a Ring, or to hang any three forked charme about my Dogs necke, secretly conuey'd into his Collar: vnderstand you? but that all bee performed, sincerely, without fraud or impostur.

Not. So sir.

Punt. That (for testimonie of the performance) my selfe am to bring thence a Turks *Mustachio*, my Dog a Hares lip, and my Cat, the traine or taile of a Rat.

Not. 'Tis done sir.

Pun. 'Tis said sir, not done sir; but forward. That vpon my returne and landing on the Towre wharfe, with the aforesaid Testimonie, I am to receiue fiue for one, according to the proportion of the summes put forth.

Not. Well sir.

Punt. Prouided, that if before our departure or setting forth, either my selfe, or these be visited with sickneſſe, or any other casuall euent, so that the whole course of the *Aduenture* bee hindred thereby; that then, Hee is to returne, and I am to receiue the prenominated Proportion, vpon fayre and equall termes.

Not. Very good sir; is this all?

Punt. It is all sir; and dispatch them good *Notarie.*

Not. As fast as is possible sir. *Exit.* *Enter Carlo.*

Punt. O *Carlo*, welcome: saw you Mounsier *Briske*?

Carl. Not I, did hee appoynt you to meete here?

Punt. I, and I muse hee should bee so tardie: hee is to take an hundred pounds of me in venture, if he maintaine his promise.

Carl. Is his houre past?

Punt. Not yet, but it comes on apace.

Carl. Tut, be not iealous of him; hee will sooner breake all the tenne Commandements, than his Houre; vpon my life in such a case trust him.

Punt. Mee thinkes *Carlo*, you looke very smoothe: ha?

Carl. Why, I come but now from a Hot-house, I must needes looke smoothe.

Punt. From a Hot-house?

Carl. I, do you make a wonder on't, why it's your onely *Phisicke.* Let a man sweate once a weeke in a Hot-house, and be well rubd and froted with a good plumpe iuicie wench, and sweete Linnen, hee shall n'ere ha' the Poxe.

Punt. What? the *French* Poxe?

Carl. The *French* Poxe! our Poxe: S'bloud we haue 'hem in as good forme as they may: what?

Punt. Let me perish, but thou art a Villaine: was your new created Gallant there with you? *Sogliardo?*

Carl. O *Porpuse*, hang him, no: hee's a Lieger at *Hornes* Ordinarie yonder: his villanous *Ganimede* and hee ha' bin droning a *Tabacco* Pipe there, euer sin' yester-day noone.

Punt. Who? Signior *Tripartite*, that would giue my Dogge the *Whiffe*?

Carl. I, he: they haue hir'd a chamber and all priuate to practise in, for the making of the *Patoun*, the *Receit Reciprocall*, and a number of other mysteries, not yet extant. I brought some dosen or twentie Gallants this morning to view 'hem, (as you'ld doe a piece of *Perspective*) in at a key-hole; and there we might see *Sogliardo* sit in a Chaire, holding his snowt vp, like a Sow vnder an Apple-tree, while th'other open'd his nostrilles with a

Poking-

Poking-sticke, to giue the smoke a more free deliuerie. They had spit some three or fourescore ounces betweene 'hem, afore we came away.

Punt. How! three or fourescore ounces?

Carl. I, and preseru'd it in porrengers, as a Barber does his Bloud, when hee pricks a veine. (friend?

Punt. Out *Pagan*; how dost thou pricke the Vaine of thy

Carl. Friend? Is there any such foolish thing i'the world? ha? S'lid I ne're rellisht it yet.

Punt. Thy Humor is the more dangerous.

Carl. No not a whit Signior: Tut, a man must keepe time in all: I can oyle my tongue when I meete him next, and looke with a good slicke forehead; 'twill take away all soyle of *Suspicion*, and that's inough: what *Lynceus* can see my heart? Pith, the title of a *Friend*, it's a vaine idle thing, onely venerable among fooles: you shall not haue one that has any opinion of wit, affect it.

Enter Delro and Macilente.

Deli. Saue you good sir *Puntaruolo*.

Punt. Signior *Delro*! welcome.

Deli. Pray you sir, did you see master *Fastidius Briske*? I heard he was to meete your Worship here.

Punt. You heard no Figment sir, I doe expect him euery minute my Watch strikes.

Deli. In good time sir.

Carl. There's a fellow now, lookes like one of the *Patricians* of *Sparta*; mary his wits after ten i'the hundred. A good Bloud-hound, a close mouth'd Dog, hee followes the sent well, marrie hee's at a fault now me thinks.

Punt. I should wonder at that creature is free from the danger of thy tongue.

Carl. O I cannot abide these limmes of *Sattin*, or rather *Sathan* indeed, that'll walke (like the children of darkenesse) all day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of Blankes, ready to swallow vp as many poore vnthrifts, as come within the verge.

Punt. So: and what hast thou for him that is with him now?

Carl. O

Car. O (Damne me) *Immortalitie*, Ile not meddle with him, the pure *Element* of *Fire*, all *Spirit*, *Extraction*.

Punt. How *Carlo*? ha, what is hee man?

Carl. A ſcholler, *Macilente*, doe you not know him? a lanke raw-bon'd *Anatomie*, he walks vp and down like a charg'd muſket, no man dares encounter him: that's his Reſt there.

Punt. His Reſt? why has he a forked head?

Carl. Pardon me, that's to bee ſuſpended, you are too quicke, too apprehenſiue.

Deli. Troth (now I think on't) Ile defer it til ſome other time.

Maci. Gods precious, not by any meanes Signior, you ſhall not loſe this opportunitie, hee will be here preſently now.

Deli. Yes faith *Macilente*, 'tis beſt. For looke you ſir, I ſhall ſo exceedingly offend my wife in't, that ——

Mac. Your wife? now for ſhame looſe theſe thoughts, and become the maſter of your own ſpirits. Should I (if I had a wife) ſuffer my ſelf to be thus paſſionately caried (too & fro) with the ſtreame of her Humor? and neglect my deepeſt affaires, to ſerue her affections? Sbloud I would geld my ſelfe firſt.

Deli. O but Signior, had you ſuch a wife as mine is, you wold--

Mac. Such a wife? Now God hate mee ſir, if euer I diſcern'd any wonder in your wife yet, withall the ſpeculation I haue: I haue ſeen ſome that ha' bin thought fairer thā ſhe, in my time; and I haue ſeen thoſe ha' not beene altogether ſo tall, eſteem'd proper women; and I haue ſeen leſſe Noſes grow vpon ſweeter Faces, that haue done very well too in my iudgement: but in good faith Signior for all this, the Gentlewoman is a good pretie prowd hard-fauour'd thing, mary not ſo peereleſſe to be doted vpon, I muſt confeſſe: nay, bee not angrie.

Deli. Well ſir, (how euer you pleaſe to forget your ſelfe) I haue not deſeru'd to bee thus play'd vpon, but henceforth, pray you forbeare my houſe, for I can but faintly endure the ſauor of his breath at my table, that ſhall thus jade me for my courteſies.

Mac. Nay then Signior, let mee tell you, your wife is no proper woman by *Ieſu*, and I ſuſpect her honeſtie, that's more, which you may likewiſe ſuſpect (if you pleaſe:) doe you ſee? Ile

vrge

vrge you to nothing against your appetite, but if you pleafe, you may fuſpect it.

Deli. Good ſir. *Exit.*

Mac. Good ſir? Now Horne vpon Horne purſue thee, thou blind egregious Dotard.

Carl. O you ſhall heare him ſpeake like Enuie. Signior *Macilente*, you ſaw Monſieur *Briske* lately? I heard you were with him at the Court.

Mac. I *Buffone*, I was with him.

Carl. And how is hee reſpected there? (I know youle deale ingeniouſly with vs?) is he made of amongſt the ſweeter ſort of Gallants?

Mac. Faith I, his *Ciuet* and his *caſting glaſſe*,
Haue helpt him to a place amongſt the reſt,
And there his *Seniors* giue him good ſleight lookes,
After their Garbe, ſmile, and ſalute in French
With ſome new complement.

Carl. What is this all?

Mac. Why ſay, that they ſhould ſhew the frothie foole,
Such grace as they pretend comes from the heart,
He had a mightie wind-fall out of doubt.
Why all their *Graces* are not to doe Grace
To vertue, or deſert: but to ride both
With their guilt ſpurres quite breathleſſe from themſelues.
'Tis now eſteem'd *Preciſianiſme* in wit;
And a Diſeaſure in *Nature* to be kind
Toward Deſert, to Loue, or ſeeke good Names:
Who feedes with a Good name? who thriues with longing?
Who can prouide feaſt for his owne deſires,
With ſeruing others? ha, ha, ha:
'Tis folly by our wiſeſt worldlings prou'd
(If not to gaine by loue) to bee belou'd.

Carl. How like you him, is't not a good ſpightfull ſlaue? ha?

Punt. Shrewd, ſhrewd. (villain.

Car. Damne me, I could eate his fleſh now: Diuine ſweet

Mac. Nay, pr'y thee leaue: what's he there?

Carl. Who?

Carl. Who? this i'the ſtarcht Beard? it's the dull ſtiff Knight *Puntaruolo* man, hee's to trauaile now preſently: he has a good knottie wit, marry hee carries little on't out of the land with him.

Mac. How then?

Carl. He puts it forth in venture, as he does his money; vpon the returne of a Dog and Cat.

Mac. Is this hee?

Carl. I, this is hee; a good tough Gentleman: hee lookes like a chine of Brawne at *Shrouetide*, out of date, & ready to take his leaue: or a drie Poule of Ling vpon *Eaſter-eue*, that has furniſht the table all Lent, as he has done the Citie this laſt *Vacation*.

Mac. Come, you'le neuer leaue your ſtabbing *Simile's*; I ſhall ha' you aiming at mee with 'hem by and by, but——

Carl. O renounce mee then: pure, honeſt, good *Denill*, I loue thee aboue the loue of women: I could e'ne melt in Admiration of thee now: Gods ſo', looke here man; Sir *Dagonet* and his Eſquire.

Enter Sog. and Shift.

Sog. Saue you my deere *Gallanto's*: nay, come approach, good *Caualier*: pr'y thee (ſweet knight) know this Gentleman, hee's one that it pleaſes mee to vſe as my good friend & companion; and therefore doe him good offices: I beſeech you Gentles, know him.

Punt. Sir (for Signior *Sogliardoes* ſake) let it ſuffice, I know you.

Sog. Why by Ieſu, I thanke you knight, and it ſhall ſuffice. Hearke you ſir *Puntaruolo*, you'ld little thinke it; hee's as reſolute a peece of fleſh as any's i'the world.

Punt. Indeede ſir?

Sog. Vpon my Gentilitie ſir: *Carlo*, a word with you; Doe you ſee that ſame fellow there?

Car. What? *Caualier Shift*?

Sog. O you know him; crie you mercie: before God, I think him the talleſt man liuing within the walles of *Europe*.

Carl. The walles of *Europe*! take heede what you ſay Signior, *Europe's* a huge thing within the walles.

Sog. Tut (and 'twere as huge againe) Il'd iuſtifie what I ſpeake.

speake. S'lid, he swagger'd e'ne now in a place where wee were; I neuer saw a man do it more resolute.

Carl. Nay, indeed swaggering is a good *Argument* of *Resolution*. Doe you heare this, Signior?

Maci. I, to my griefe. O that such muddie Flags
For euerie drunken flourish, should atchieue
The name of *Manhood*; whilst true perfect Valour
(Hating to shew it selfe) goes by despis'd.
Sbloud, I doe know now (in a faire iust cause)
I dare doe more then hee a thousand times:
Why should not they take knowledge of this? ha?
And giue my worth allowance before his?
Because I cannot swagger. Now the Poxe
Light on your *Picke-Hatch* prowesse.

Sog. Why I tell you sir, hee has beene the onely *Bidstand* that euer was, kept *New-market*, *Salsburie* Plaine, *Hockley* i'the hole, *Gads-hill*; all the high places of any Request: hee has had his Mares and his Geldings hee, ha' beene worth forty, threescore, a hundred pound a Horse; would ha' sprung you ouer hedge and ditch like your Greyhound: hee has done fiue hundred Robberies in his time, more or lesse, I assure you.

Punt. What? and scapt?

Sog. Scapt! Yfaith I; hee has broken the iayle when hee has been in yrons, and yrons; & beene out, & in againe; and out, and in; fortie times, and not so few, hee.

Mac. A fit Trumpet to proclaime such a person.

Carl. But can this bee possible? (to it.

Shift. Why, 'tis nothing sir, when a man giues his Affections

Sog. Good *Pylades* discourse a Robberie or two, to satisfie these Gentlemen of thy worth.

Shift. Pardon me my deere *Oreستes*: Causes haue their *Quiddits*, and 'tis ill iesting with Bell-ropes.

Carl. How? *Pylades* and *Oreستes*? (conceit?

Sog. I, he is my *Pylades*, and I am his *Oreستes*; how like you the

Carl. O it's an old stale Enterlude deuice: No, I'le giue you Names my selfe: looke you, he shall be your *Iudas*, and you shal

be his *Elder* tree to hang on.

Mac. Nay, rather let him be Captaine *Pod*, and this his *Motion*, for he does nothing but Shew him.

Car. Excellent: or thus; you shal be *Holden*, & he your *Camell*.

Shift. You doe not meane to ride Gentlemen?

Punt. Faith let me end it for you Gallants: you shall bee his *Countenance*, and hee your *Resolution*.

Sog. Troth that's pretie: how say you *Canalier*, shalt bee so?

Carl. I, I, most voyces.

Shift. Faith I am easily yeelding to any good Impressions.

Sog. Then giue hands good *Resolution*.

Carl. Masse he cannot say good *Countenance* now (properly) to him againe.

Punt. Yes, by an *Ironie*.

Mac. O sir, the countenance of *Resolution* should, as hee's altogether grim and vnpleasant. *Enter Briske.*

Fast. Good houres make Musicke with your mirth Gentlemen, and keepe times to your humors: how now *Carlo*?

Punt. Monsieur *Briske*! many a long looke haue I extended for you sir.

Fast. Good faith I must craue pardon; I was inuited this morning ere I was out of my bedde, by a Beuie of Ladies, to a Banquet: whence it was almost one of *Hercules* Labours for mee to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so preuaile with mee: I know they'le take it very ill, especially one, that gaue mee this bracelet off her Haire but ouer night, and this Pearle another gaue me from her forehead, Mary shee—— what? are these writings ready?

Punt. I will send my man to know. Sirrah, goe you to the *Notaries*, and learne if hee be readie: leaue the Dog sir.

Exit Seruingman.

Fast. And how does my rare qualified friend *Sogliardo*? oh Signior *Macilente*! by these eyes I sawe you not, I had saluted you sooner else on my troth: I hope sir I may presume vpon you, that you will not divulge my late checke, or disgrace indeede sir.

Mac. You

Mac. You may sir.

Car. S'heart hee knowes some notorious jest by this Gull, that hee hath him so obsequious.

Sog. Monsieur *Fastidius*, doe you see this fellow there? does hee not looke like a clowne? would you thinke there's any thing in him?

Fast. Any thing in him? beshrew mee, I; the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

Sog. By this Element, hee is an ingenious tall man as euer swaggerd about *London*: hee and I call *Countenance* and *Resolution*, but his name is *Cauelier Shift*.

Punt. *Cauelier*, you knew Signior *Clog*, that was hang'd for the robberie at *Harrow* on the hill?

Sog. Knew him sir! why 'twas hee gaue all the directions for the Action.

Punt. How? was't your Project sir?

Shift. Pardon mee *Countenance*, you doe me some wrong to make that publike, which I imparted to you in priuate.

Sog. Gods will, here are none but friends *Resolution*.

Shift. That's all one; things of Consequence must haue their respects, where, how, and to whom. Yes sir, he shewed himselfe a true Clogge in the coherence of that affaire sir; for if hee had manag'd matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a fortie or fiftie score of pounds sir, and he himselfe might ha' liu'd (in despight of Fate) to haue fedde on *Woodcocks* with the rest: but it was his heauie fortunes to sinke poore *Clog*, and therefore talke no more of him.

Punt. Why, had hee no more Agents then?

Sog. O God sir; I, there were some present there, that were the nine *Worthies* to him yfaith.

Shift. I sir, I can satisfie you at more conuenient conference: but for mine owne part) I haue now reconci'ld my selfe to other courses, and professe a liuing out of my other qualities.

Sog. Nay, hee has left all now (I assure you) and is able to liue like a Gentleman by his Qualitie. By this Dog, he has the most rare gift in *Tabacco* that euer you knew.

Carl. S'heart, hee keepes more adoe with this monster, than euer *Bankes* did with his Horse, or the fellow with the *Elephant*.

Mac. Hee will hang out his picture shortly in a cloth, you shall see.

Sog. O hee do's manage a quarrell the best that euer you saw, for termes and circumstances.

Fast. Good faith Signior, (now you speake of a quarrell) Ile acquaint you with a difference that happened betweene a Gallant and my selfe: sir *Puntaruolo*, you knowe him if I should name him; Signior *Luculento*.

Punt. *Luculento*! what inauspicious chance interpos'd it selfe betwixt your two loues?

Fast. Faith sir, the same that sundred *Agamemnon* and great *Thetis* sonne; but let the cause escape sir: He sent me a challenge (mixt with some few braues) which I restor'd, and in fine wee met. Now indeede sir (I must tell you) hee did offer at first very desperately, but without iudgement: for looke you sir, I cast my selfe into this figure: now he comes violently on, and withall aduauncing his Rapier to strike, I thought to haue tooke his arme (for hee had left his whole body to my election, and I was sure hee could not recouer his guard) sir, I mist my purpose in his arme, rasht his doublet sleeue, ranne him close by the left cheeke, and through his haire: He againe lights me here, I had a gold Cable hatband, then new come vp, (which I wore about a murrey French Hat I had) cuts my Hatband (and yet it was Massie, Gold-smithes worke, cuts my brimmes, which by good fortune being thicke, embrodered with gold twist, and spangles) disappointed the force of the blow: Neuertheless it graz'd on my shoulders, takes me away sixe purles of an Italian cutworke Band I wore, cost me three pounds in the Exchange but three dayes before.

Punt. This was a strange encounter.

Fastid. Nay you shall heare sir, with this wee both fell out and breath'd: Now, (vpon the second signe of his assault,) I betooke mee to the former maner of my defence; hee (on the other side) abandon'd his bodie to the same daunger as before,

before, and followes mee ſtill with blowes. But I (being loth to take the deadly aduantage that lay before mee of his left ſide) made a kind of *ſtramazoun*, ran him vp to the hilts, through the doublet, through the ſhirt, and yet miſt the skinne. He (making a reuerſe blow, fals vpon my emboſſ'd girdle (I had thrown off the hāgers a little before) ſtrikes off the skirt of a thick lac't ſattin doublet I had (lin'd with ſome foure Taffataes) cuts off two panes embrodered with Pearles, rents through the drawings out of Tiſſew, enters the linings, and skips the fleſh.

Car. I wonder hee ſpeakes not of his wrought ſhirt.

Faſt. Here (in the opinion of mutuall dammage) wee paus'd: but (ere I proceede) I muſt tell you Signior, that (in this laſt encounter) not hauing leiſure to put off my ſiluer ſpurres, one of the rowels catcht hold of the ruffle of my Boote, and (being Spaniſh Leather, and ſubiect to teare) ouerthrowes mee, rends mee two paire of ſilke ſtockings (that I put on, being ſomewhat a raw morning, a Peach-colour, and another) and ſtrikes mee ſome halfe inch deepe into the ſide of the Calfe: He (ſeeing the bloud come) preſently takes horſe, and away. I (hauing bound vp my wound with a peece of my wrought ſhirt)

Carl. O, comes it there?

Faſt. Rid after him, & (lighting at the Court gate both together) embrac'd, and marcht hand in hand vp into the Preſence.

Mac. Well, by this wee can geſſe what apparrell the Gentleman wore.

Punt. Fore God it was a deſignement begun with much reſolution, maintain'd with as much proweſſe, & ended with more humanitie. How now, what ſayes hee?

His ſeruingman enters.

Seruing. The *Notarie* ſayes he is ready ſir, he ſtayes but your Worſhips pleaſure.

Punt. Come, wee will goe to him Monſieur. Gentlemen, ſhal wee intreate you to bee witneſſes.

Sog. You ſhall entreate mee ſir, come *Reſolution*.

Shift. I follow you good *Countenance*.

Carl. Come Signior, come, come.

Maci. O, that there should bee fortune
To clothe these men, so naked in desert,
And that the iust storme of a wretched life,
Beates 'hem not ragged for their wretched Soules,
And since as fruitlesse, euen as blacke as coles. *Exit.*

GREX.

Mit. Why but Signior, howe comes it that *Fungoso* appear'd not with his sisters intelligence to *Briske*.

Cord. Marie long of the euill Angels that shee gaue him, who haue indeede tempted the good simple youth to follow the taile of the fashion, and neglect the imposition of his friends. Behold, here hee comes, verie worshipfully attended, and with good varietie.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Fungoso, with Taylor, Shoe-maker, and Haberdasher.

Fung. Gramercie good Shoe-maker, Ile put to strings my selfe. *Exit Shoe-maker.*
Now sir, let mee see, what must you haue for this Hat?

Haber. Here's the Bill, sir.

Fung. How does't become me? well?

Tayl. Excellent sir, as euer you had any Hat in your life.

Haber. Nay faith sir, the Hat's as good as any man i'this town can serue you, And will maintaine Fashion as long, ne're trust mee for a groat else.

Fung. Does it apply well to my sute?

Tay. Exceeding well sir.

Fung. How li'kst thou my sute Haberdasher?

Hab. By my troth sir 'tis very rarely well made, I neuer saw a sute sit better I can tell on.

Tay. Nay, we haue no Arte to please our friends, wee.

Fung. Here Haberdasher, tell this same.

Haber. Good faith sir, it makes you haue an excellent body.

Fung. Nay (beleeue mee) I thinke I haue as good a bodie in clothes as another.

Tay. You lacke points to bring your apparrell together.

Fung. I'le

Fung. I'le haue points anon: how now? is't right.

Hab. Faith sir 'tis too little, but vpon farther hopes. Good morrow to you sir. *Exit Haberdasher.*

Fun. Farewell good Haberdasher: well now master *Snip* let mee see your Bill.

GREX.

Mit. Me thinkes hee discharges his followers too thicke.

Cor. O, therein hee saucily imitates some great man. I warrant you though hee turnes off them, hee keepes this Taylor in place of a Page to follow him.

Fung. This Bill is very reasonable in fayth: Hearke you Master *Snip*, Troth sir I am not altogether so well furnisht at this present, as I could wish I were; but —— If you'le doe me the fauour to take part in hand, you shall haue all I haue by *Iesu*.

Tay. Sir——

Fung. And but giue mee credite for the rest, til the beginning of the next Terme.

Tay. O Lord sir——

Fung. Fore God and by this light Ile pay you to the vtmost, and acknowledge my selfe very deepely engag'd to you by this hand.

Tay. Why how much haue you there Sir?

Fung. Mary I haue here foure Angels, and fifteen shillings of white money, it's all I haue as 'hope to bee sau'd.

Tay. You will not faile mee at the next Terme with the rest.

Fung. No: and I do, pray God I bee hang'd. Let mee neuer breathe againe vpon this mortall Stage, as the Philosopher cals it, By this aire, and (as I am a Gentleman) Ile hold.

GREX.

Cor. Hee were an yron-hearted fellow in my iudgement, that would not credite him vpon these monstrous othes.

Tay. Well sir, Ile not sticke with any Gentleman for a trifle, you know what 'tis remaines.

Fung. I Sir, and I giue you thanks in good faith; O God, how happie am I made in this good fortune! Well, nowe I'le goe seeke

seeke out Monsieur *Briske*. Gods so, I haue forgot Ribband for my shooes, and points. S'lid what luck's this? how shall we doe? Master *Snippe*, pray let mee reduct some two or three shillings for poynts and Rybband: by Iesu I haue vtterly disfurnisht my selfe in the default of memorie; pray le' mee bee beholding to you, it shall come home i'the Bill beleeue mee.

Tay. Faith sir, I can hardly depart with money, but i'le take vp, and send you some by my boy presently. What coulour'd Ribband would you haue? (sute.

Fun. What you shall thinke meet i'your iudgement sir to my

Tay. Well, i'le send you some presently.

Fun. And poynts too sir?

Tay. And poynts too sir. *Exit Taylor.*

Fun. Good Lord, how shall I studie to deserue this kindnesse of you sir? Pray let your youth make hast, for I should haue done a businesse an houre since, that I doubt I shall come too late. Now in good truth I am exceedingly proude of my sute. *Exit.*

GREX.

Cord. Doe you obserue the plunges that this poore Gallant is put too (Signior) to purchase the Fashion?

Mit. I, and to bee still a Fashion behind the world, that's the sport.

Cord. Stay: O here they come from *Seal'd and deliuer'd.*

SCENA QVINTA.

Enter P*untaruolo*, *Fastidius Briske*, *seruingmen*, *with the Dog.*

P*unt.* Well, now the whole venture is forth, I will resolue to depart shortly.

Fast. Faith sir P*untarnolo* goe to the Court, and take leaue of the Ladies first.

P*unt.* I care not if it bee this afternoones labor: where is C*arlo*?

Fast. Here hee comes.

Enter C*arlo*, S*ogliardo*, S*hift*, *and Macilente.*

C*arl.* Faith Gallants, I am perswading this Gentleman to turne Courtier, he is a man of faire reuenew, and his estate will beare the charge well, besides for his other gifts of the minde,

or

or so why, they are as Nature lent him hem, pure, simple, without any *Artificiall* drug or mixture of these two thredbare beggerly qualities, *Learning* and *Knowledge*, and therefore the more *accommodate* and *Genuine*. Now for the life it selfe.

Fast. O, the most *Celestiall*, and full of woonder and delight that can be imagin'd Signior, beyond all thought and apprehension of Pleasure. A man liues there in that diuine *Rapture*, that he will think himselfe i'the third Heauen for the time; and loose all sence of Mortalitie whatsoeuer; when he shall behold such glorious (and almost immortall) beauties, heare such Angelicall and Harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing and *Ambrosian* spirits, whose wits as suddaine as Lightning and humorous as *Nectar*; Oh: it makes a man all *Quintessence* and *Fleame*, and lifts him vp (in a moment) to the very Christall Crowne o'the skie, where (houering in the strength of his *Imagination*) he shall behold all the delights of the *Hesperides*, the *Insulæ Fortunatæ*, *Adonis* gardens, *Tempe*, or what else (confin'd within the amplest verge of *Poesie*) to be meere *Vmbræ* and imperfect Figures, conferr'd with the most essentiall felicitie of your Court.

Mac. Wel, this ENCOMION was not extemporall, it came too perfectly off.

Car. Besides sir, you shall neuer need to go to a Hothouse, you shall sweat there with courting your mistresse, or loosing your money at *Primero*, as well as in all the Stoues in Flaunders. Mary this Sir; you must euer be sure to carrie a good strong perfume about you, that your mistresse Dog may smell you out amongst the rest; and (in making loue to her) neuer seate to be out: for you may haue a pipe of *tabacco*, or a base *Viall* shal hang o'the wall of purpose, will put you in presently. The tricks your *Resolution* has taught you in *Tabacco*, (the Whiffe, and those sleights) will stand you in very good Ornament there?

Fast. I: to some perhaps: but, and hee should come to my Mistresse with *Tabacco* (this Gentleman knowes) shee'l reply vpon him y faith. Oh (by this bright Sunne) shee has the most acute, ready, and facetious wit, that 8. tut there's no spirit able

to ſtand her. You can report it Signior, you haue ſeene her?

Punt. Then can he report no leſſe out of his iudgement, I aſſure him.

Maci. Troth I like her well enough; but ſhee's too ſelfe-conceited me thinkes.

Faſt. Indeed, ſhee's a litle too ſelfe-conceited, and 'twere not for that Humor, ſhe were the moſt to be admir'd Lady in the world.

Punt. Indeed it is a Humor that takes from her other excellencies.

Mac. why it may eaſily be made to forſake her in my thought.

Faſt. Eaſily Sir? then are all impoſſibilities eaſie.

Mac. You conclude too quicke vpon me Signior, what will you ſay if I make it ſo conſpicuouſly appeare now, that your ſelfe ſhall confeſſe nothing more poſſible?

Faſt. Mary I will ſay. *I will both applaud you, & admire you for it.*

Punt. And I will ſecond him.

Mac. Why I'le ſhew you Gentlemen; *Carlo*, come hither.

Macilente, Carlo, Puntarvolo, and Briske, whiſper.

Sog. Good faith I haue a great Humor to the Court, what thinkes my *Reſolution*, ſhall I aduenture?

Shift. Troth *Countenance*, as you pleaſe; the Place is a place of good *Reputation* and *Capacitie*.

Sog. O my trickes in *Tabacco* (as *Carlo* ſayes) wil ſhew excellent there.

Shift. Why you may goe with theſe Gentlemen now, and ſee faſhions; and after, as you ſhall ſee Correſpondence.

Sog. You ſay true. You will goe with me *Reſolution*.

Shift. I will meete you *Countenance*, about three or foure of clocke, but, to ſay to goe with you I cannot; for (as I am *Apple Iohn*) I am to goe before the *Cocatrice* you ſaw this morning, & therefore pray, preſent me excus'd good *Countenance*.

Sog. Fare well good *Reſolution*, but faile not to meet.

Shift. As I liue.

They breake ſilence. *Exit Shift.*

Punt. Admirably excellent.

Mac. If

Mac. If you can but perſuade *Sogliardo* to the Court, there's all now.

Carl. O let me alone, that's my taske.

Faſt. Now by Ieſu *Macilente*, it's aboue meaſure excellent: 'twill be the onely Courtly exploit that euer prou'd Courtier ingenious.

Punt. Vpon my ſoule it puts my Lady quite out of her Humor; and we ſhall laugh with iudgment.

Carl. Come, the Gentleman was of himſelfe reſolu'd to goe with you afore I mou'd it.

Mac. Why then gallants, you two and *Carlo* go afore to prepare the feaſt: *Sogliardo* and I will come ſome while after you.

Car. Pardon me, I am not for the Court.

Punt. That's true; *Carlo* comes not at the Court indeed: well, you ſhall leaue it to the *facultie* of Monſieur *Briske*, & my ſelfe; vpon our liues we will manage it happily. *Carlo* ſhall beſpeake Supper at the Mitre againſt wee come backe: where wee will meet and dimple our cheekes with laughter at the ſucceſſe.

Carl. I, but will you all promiſe to come?

Punt. My ſelfe ſhall *manfrede* it for them: he that failes, let his Reputation lie vnder the laſh of thy tongue.

Carl. Gods ſo, looke who comes here?

Enter Fungoſo.

Sog. What, Nephew?

Fung. Vncle, God ſaue you; did you ſee a Gentleman, one Monſieur *Briske*, a Courtier, he goes in ſuch a Sute as I doe.

Sog. Here is the Gentleman Nephew, but not in ſuch a Sute.

Fung. Another Sute! *He Swounes.*

Sog. How now Nephew?

Faſt. Would you ſpeake to me Sir?

Carl. I, when he has recouer'd himſelfe: poore Poll.

Punt. Some *Roſa-ſolis.*

Mac. How now Signior?

Fung. I am not well Sir.

Mac. Why this it is, to dog the Faſhion.

Carl. Nay come Gentlemen, remember your affaires; his

disease is nothing but the *Flaxe* of apparell.

Punt. Sirs, returne to the lodging, keepe the Cat safe; Ile be the Dogs *Guardian* my selfe. *Exeunt Seruingmen*

Sog. Nephew, will you goe to the Court: with vs; these Gentlemen and I are for the Court: nay be not so Melancholly.

Fun. By Gods lid I thinke no man in Christendome has that rascally fortune than I haue.

Maci. Faith your Suite is well enough Signior.

Fun. Nay, not for that I protest; but I had an errand to Monsieur *Fastidius*; and I haue forgot it

Maci. Why goe along to the Court with vs, and remember it come. Gentlemen, you three take one boat, and *Sogliardo* and I will take another: we shalbe there instantly.

Fast. Content: good Sir vouchsafe vs your pleasance.

Punt. Fare well *Carlo*; remember.

Carl. I warrant you: would I had one of *Kempes* shooes to throw after you.

Punt. Good Fortune will close the eyes of our jest, feare not: and we shall frollick. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Mit. This *Macilente* Signior, begins to be more sociable on a suddaine me thinkes, than he was before; ther's some Portent in't, I beleeue.

Cord. O hee's a fellow of a straunge Nature. Now do's he (in this calme of his Humor) plot and store vp a world of malicious thoughts in his braine, till he is so full with him, that you shall see the very Torrent of his Enuie breake forth, and against the course of all their affections oppose it selfe so violently, that you will almost haue woonder to thinke how 'tis possible the current of their Dispositions shall receiue so quick and strong an alteration.

Mit. I marry sir, this is that on which my Expectation has dwelt all this while: for I must tell you Signior (though I was loth to interrupt the Scene) yet I made it a question in mine owne priuate discourse, how he should properly call it, *Euery man out of his Humor*, when I saw all his Actors so strongly pur-

sue

sue and continue their humors?

Cord. Why therein his Art appeares most full of lustre, and approcheth neerest the life, especially when in the flame and height of their Humors they are laid flat, it fils the eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to behold a proud exalted tree lopt and cut downe by degrees, when it might be feld in a moment? and to set the axe to it, before it came to that pride & fulnes, were as not to haue it grow.

Mit. Wel, I shall long till I see this fall you talke of.

Cord. To helpe your longing, Signior, let your imagination be swifter then a paire of Oares, and by this, suppose *Puntarvolo*, *Briske*, *Fungoso*, and the Dog, arriu'd at the Court gate, & going vp to the great chamber. *Macilente* and *Sogliardo*, wee'll leaue them on the water tilll possibility and naturall means may land 'hem. Here come Gallants, now prepare your Epectation.

Actvs Qvintvs, Scena Prima.

Enter Puntervolo, Fastidius Briske, Fungoso, and the Dog.

Punt. Come Lordings. Signior, are you sufficiently instructed.

Fast. Who, I sir?

Punt. No, this Gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dog, he is no competent attendant for the Presence.

Fast. Masse that's true indeed knight, you must not carry him into the Presence.

Punt. I know it, and I (like a dull beast) forgot to bring one of my Cormorants to attend me.

Fast. Why, you're best leaue him at the Porters lodge.

Punt. Not so; his worth is too well knowne amongst them, to be forth-comming.

Fast. Slight, how'll you do then?

Punt. I must leaue him with one that is ignorant of his qualitie, if I will haue him to be safe. And see: Here comes one that will carie coales, *Ergo*, will hold my dog. My honest friend, may I commit the tuition of this dog to thy prudent care?

Enter a Groome with a basket.

Groome. You may if you please sir.

Punt. Pray

ſhe laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter; that's nothing: you muſt talke forward (though it be without ſenſe, ſo it bee without bluſhing) 'tis moſt Courtlike and well.

Sog. But ſhall I not vſe *Tabacco* at all?

Mac. O, by no meanes, 'twill but make your breath ſuſpected; and that that you vſe it onely to confound the rankeneſſe of that.

Sog. Nay, Ile be aduis'd ſir by my friends.

Maci. Gods my life, ſee where ſir *Puntars* Dog is.

Groome. I would the Gentleman would returne for his follower here, Ile leaue him to his fortunes elſe.

Maci. S'hart, 'twere the onely true ieſt in the world to poyſon him now: ha? by Gods will Ile do it, if I could but get him of the fellow. Signior *Sogliardo*, walke aſide, and thinke vpon ſome deuiſe to entertaine the Lady with.

Sog. So I do ſir. *Sog. walkes off, meditating.*

Mac. How now mine honeſt friend? whoſe Dog-keeper art thou?

Groome. Dog-keeper ſir? I hope I ſcorne that Ifayth.

Mac. Why? do'ſt thou not keepe a Dog?

Groome. Sir, now I doe, and now I doe not: I thinke this bee Sweete and Short: make me his Dog-keeper? *I throwe off the Dog, & exit.*

Maci. This is excellent aboue expectation: nay ſtay ſir, you'ld be trauelling; but Ile giue you a dramme ſhall ſhorten your voyage: here: ſo ſir, Ile be bold to take my leaue of you: now to the *Turkes* Court in the diuels name, for you ſhal neuer go on Gods name. *(Kickes him out)* *Sogliardo*, come.

Sog. I ha' 't yfaith now, will ſting it.

Maci. Take heed you leeſe it not Signior, ere you come there: preſerue it. *Exeunt*

GREX.

Cor. How like you this firſt exploit of his?

Mit. O, a peece of true Enuie, but I expect the iſſue of the other deuiſe.

Cor. Here they come, will make it appeare.

SCENA

Punt. Pray thee let me find thee here at my returne: it shall not be long, till I will Ease thee of thy employment, and Please thee. Forth Gentles.

Fast. Why, but will you leaue him with so slight command, and infuse no more charge vpon the fellow?

Punt. Charge? no, there were no pollicie in that; that were to let him know the value of the Gem he holds, & so, to tempt fraile nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy Honestie be sweet and short.

Groome. yes sir.

Punt. But heark you Gallants, and cheefly Monsieur *Briske* When wee come in eye-shot or presence of this Ladie, let not others matters carrie vs from our Proiect: but (if wee can) single her forth to some place.

Fast. I warrant you.

Punt. And bee not too suddaine, but let the deuise induce it selfe with good Circumstance: on.

Fung. Is this the way? good truth here be fine hangings.

Exeunt Puntarvolo, Briske, Fungoso.

Groome. Honestie, Sweet and Short? mary it shall sir, doubt you not: for euen at this instant if one would giue me twentie pounds, I would not deliuer him; there's for the Sweet: but now, if any man come offer me but two-pence, hee shall haue him; there's for the Short now. Sbloud, what a mad Humorous Gentleman is this to leaue his Dog with me? I could run away with him now, and he were worth any thing: well, I pray God send him quickly againe. *Enter Macilente and Segliardo.*

Mac. Come on Signior, now prepare to Court this All-witted Ladie, most Naturally and like your selfe.

Seg. Faith and you say the word, Ile begin to her in *Tabacco*

Mac. O fie on't, no you shall begin with, *How does my sweet Ladie*; or, *Why are you so melancholly Madam?* though she be very merrie, it's all one: be sure to kisse your hand often enough; pray for her health, and tell her, how *more than most faire* shee is: Screw your face a t'one side thus, & Protest; let her fleere and looke a skaunce, and hide her Teeth with her Fanne, when

she

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Puntarvolo, Saviolina Facldius Briske, Fungoso.

Savi. Why I thought Sir *Puntarvolo*, you had been gone your Voyage?

Punt. Deare, and most Amiable Ladie, your Diuine Beauties do bind me to those Offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

Savi. Tis most Courtlike spoken sir; but how might we doe to haue a sight of your Dog and Cat?

Fast. His Dogge's in the Court, Ladie. (sir?

Savi. And not your Cat? how dare you trust her behind you

Punt. Troth Madame she hath sore eyes, and shee doth keepe her Chamber: marry I haue left her vnder sufficient guard: there are two of my Hinds to attend her. (go sir?

Savi. Ile giue you some Water for her eyes; when doe you

Punt. Certes sweet Ladie, I know not.

Fast. He doth stay the rather Madame, to present your *Acute* iudgement with so Courtly, and well-Parted a Gentleman, as yet your Ladiship hath neuer seene. (man?

Savi. What's he, gentle Mounsieur *Briske*? not that Gentle

Fast. No Ladie, this is a Kinsman of Iustice *Silence*.

Punt. Pray sir, giue me leaue to report him: hee's a Gentleman (Ladie) of that rare and admirable *facultie*, as (I protest) I know not his like in *Europe*: he is exceedingly Valiant, an excellent Scholler and so exactly trauail'd that hee is able in discourse, to deliuer you a *Modell* of any Princes Court in the world: speakes the Languages with that puritie of Phrase, and facilitie of *Accent*, that it breeds astonishment: his Wit, the most Exuberant, and (aboue wonder) pleasant, of all that euer entred the concaue of this eare. (man.

Fast. Tis most true Ladie; mary he is no such excellent proper

Punt. His Trauailes haue chang'd his complexion, Madame.

Savi. O sir *Puntarvolo*, you must think: euery man was not borne to haue my Seruant *Briske*'s feature.

Punt. But that which transcends all, Ladie; he doth so Peerlesly imitate any manner of person for Gesture, Action, Passion, or what euer.

Fast. I

Fast. I, especially a Rusticke or a Clowne Madame, that it is not possible for the sharpest-sighted with (in the world) to discerne any sparkes of the Gentleman in him; when hee does it.

Saui. O Mounsieur *Brisk*, be not so Tyranous to confine all Wits within the compasse of your owne: Not find the sparkes of a Gentleman in him, if he be a Gentleman?

Fun. No in truth (sweet Ladie) I beleeue you cannot.

Saui. Do you beleeue so? why I can find sparkes of a Gentleman in you sir.

Punt. I, he is a Gentleman Madame, and a Reueller.

Fun. Indeed I think I haue seen your Ladiship at our Reuels.

Saui. Lik inough sir: but would I might see this wonder you talke of: may one haue a sight of him for any reasonable sum?

Punt. Yes Madam, he will arriue presently.

Saui. What, and shall we see him Clowne it?

Fast. I faith (sweet Lady) that you shall: see heere he comes.

Enter Macilente with Sogliardo.

Punt. This is he; pray obserue him Lady.

Saui. Beshrew me, he Clownes it properly indeed.

Punt. Nay, marke his Courtship. *lusty?* ha

Sog. How dos my sweet Lady; *hote and moyst? Beautifull and*

Saui. Beautifull and it please you sir, but not *lusty.*

Sog. O ho Ladie; it pleases you to say so in truth? and how does my sweet Lady; in health? *Bona roba, quaso? que Novelles? que Novelles?* Sweete creature.

Saui. O excellent: why Gallants, is this he that cannot be Deciphered? they were very bleare-witted y faith that could not discerne the Gentleman in him.

Punt. But do you, in earnest Lady?

Saui. Do I sir? why if you had any true Court-iudgement in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that formes his countenance; you might perceiue his counterfeiting as cleere as the noone day: Alas; Nay if you would haue tried my Wit indeed, you should neuer haue tolde me he was a Gentleman, but presented him for a true Clowne indeede; and then haue seene if I could haue decipher'd him.

Fast. Fore God, her Ladiſhip ſayes true (knight:) but does he not affect the Clowne moſt naturally, Miſtreſſe?

Punt. O, ſhe cannot but affirme that out of the Bountie of her iudgement.

Saui. Nay out of doubt he does well, for a Gentleman to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his naturall carriage of the Gentleman, much better than his Clownerie.

Fast. Tis ſtrange in truth, her Ladiſhip ſhould ſee ſo farre into him.

Punt. I, is't not.

Saui. Faith as eaſily as may be: not decipher him, quoth you?

Fung. Good ſadneſſe, I wonder at it.

Mac. Why, hath ſhe decipher d him Gentlemen?

Punt. O moſt miraculouſly, and beyond Admiration.

Mac. Is't poſſible?

Fast. She hath giuen moſt infallible ſignes of the Gentleman in him, that's certaine.

Saui. Why, Gallants, let me laugh at you a litle: was this your deuiſe, to trie my iudgement in a Gentleman?

Maci. Nay Lady, do not ſcorne vs, though you haue this gift of Perſpicacie aboue others: What if he ſhould be no Gentleman now, but a Clowne indeed, Lady?

Punt. How thinke you of that? would not your Ladiſhip be out of your Humor?

Fast. O, but ſhe knowes it is not ſo.

Saui. What if he were not a man, ye may as well ſay? nay if your Worſhips could gull me ſo indeede, you were wiſer then you were taken for.

Maci. In good faith Lady, he is a very perfect Clowne, both by father and mother; that Ile aſſure you.

Saui. O Sir, you are very pleaſurable.

Maci. Nay, do but looke on his hand, and that ſhall reſolue you: Looke you Lady, what a palme here is.

Sog. Tut, that was with holding the plough.

Mac. The Plough! did you diſcerne any ſuch thing in him, Madame?

Fast. Faith

Fast. Faith no, she saw ths Gentleman as bright as at noone-day she: he decipherd him at first.

Maci. Troth I am sorie your Ladiships sight should be so suddainly strooke.

Saui. O, you're good Beagles!

Fast. What, is she gone?

Sog. Nay stay sweet Lady; *Que Novelles, Que Novelles?*

Saui. Out, you foole you. *Exit Saui.*

Fung. Shee's out of her Humor yfaith.

Fast. Nay, let's follow it while tis hote Gentlemen.

Punt. Come, on mine honour wee'le make her blush in the Presence: my splene is great with laughter.

Mac. Your laughter will be a child of a feeble life I beleeue sir. Come Signior, your lookes are too deiected me thinkes: why mixe you not mirth with the rest?

Fung. By Gods will, this Sute frets me at the Soule. Ile haue it alterd to morrow sure. *Exeunt.*

Enter Shift.

Shift. I am come to the Court to meet with my *Countenance Sogliardo*: poore men must be glad of such countenance, when they can get no better. Well, Need may insult vpon a man, but it shall neuer make him despaire of Consequence. The world will say, tis base; tush, base! tis base to liue vnder the earth, not base to liue aboue it by any meanes.

Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius, Sogliardo, Fungoso, Macilente.

Fast. The poore Ladie is most miserably out of her Humour yfaith.

Punt. There was neuer so witty a iest broken at the Tilt, of all the Court wits christen'd.

Maci. O, this applause taints it fouly.

Sog. I thinke I did my part in Courting. O *Resolution.*

Punt. Ay me, my Dog.

Maci. Where is he?

Fast. Gods precious, go seeke for the fellow, good Signior.

Sends away Fungoso.

Punt. Here, here I left him.

Maci. Why none was here when we came in now, but *Cavalier Shift*, enquire of him.

Fast. Did you see sir *Puntarvolos* dog here *Cavalier*, since you came?

Shift. His Dog sir? he may looke his Dog sir; I see none of his (Dog sir.

Mac. Vpon my life he hath stolne your Dog sir, and benhir, d to it by some that haue venturd with you; you may gesse by his peremptorie answeres.

Punt. Not vnlike; for he hath been a notorious theefe by his owne confession. Sirrah, where's my Dog?

Shift. Charge me with your Dog sir? I ha'non of your dog sir.

Punt. Villaine, thou lieſt.

Shift. Lie sir? S'blood y'are but a man sir.

Punt. Rogue and Theefe, restore him.

Sog. Take heed sir *Puntarvolo* what you doe; hee'le beare no coales I can tell you (of my word.

Maci. This is rare.

Sog. It's marle he stabs you not: by this Light, he hath stab'd fortie for fortie times lesse matter, I can tell you, of my knowledge.

Punt. I will make thee stoupe, thou Able &.

Sog. Make him stoupe sir. Gentlemen pacifie him, or hee'le be kill'd.

Mac. Is he so tall a man?

Sog. Tall a man? if you loue his life stand betwixt'hem: make him stoupe!

Pun. My dog Villain, or I wil hang thee: thou hast confeſt robberies, & other fellonious acts to this Gentlemã thy Countenãce

Sog. Ile beare no witnesse.

Punt. And without my Dog I will hang thee, for them.

Shift kneeles.

Sog. What? kneele to thine enemie?

Shift. Pardon mee good sir; God is my Iudge I neuer did Robberie in all my life. *Enter Fungoso.*

Fung. O sir *Puntarvolo*, your Dog lies giuing vp the ghost in the wood-yard.

Maci. S'bloud is he not dead yet?

Punt. O, my Dogge borne to disastrous fortune! pray you conduct me sir. *Exit Punt. with Fung.*

Sog. How? did you neuer do any robbery in your life?

Mac. O this is good: so he swore sir.

Sog. I heard him. And did you sweare true sir?

Shift. I (as God shall haue part of my soule Sir) I ne're rob'd any man I; neuer stood by the high-way side Sir, but only sayd so, because I would get my selfe a name, and be counted a tall man.

Sog. Now out base *Villaco*: Thou my *Resolution*? I thy *Countenance*? By this light, Gentlemen, he hath confest to me the most inexorable companie of Robberies, and damn'd himselfe that he did 'hem; you neuer heard the like: out skoundrell out, follow me no more I command thee; out of my sight, go, hence, speake not, I will not heare thee; away *Camouccio.*

Mac. O, how do I feed vpon this now, and fat my selfe? here were a couple vnexpectedly dishumor'd: well by this time I hope sir *Puntarvolo* and his Dog are both out of Humor to trauaile: nay, Gentlemen, why do you not seeke out the Knight, and comfort him? our Supper at the Mitre must of necessitie hold to night, if you loue your Reputations.

Fast. 'Fore God I am so Melancholly for his Dogges disaster but i'le go. (cholly

Sog. Faith and I may go too, but I know I shall be so Melan-

Nac. Tush, Melancholly? you must forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercie of a Furie: *Carlo* will racke your sinewes asunder, and raile you to dust if you come not. *Exeunt.*

GREX { *Mit.* O then their feare of *Carlo* belike, makes them hold their meeting.
Cor. I, here he comes: conceiue him but to be enter'd the Mitre.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Carlo.

Car. Holla: where be these Shoomakers? *Enter Drawer*

Draw. By and by: you are welcome good master *Buffone.*

Carl. Where's *George*? call me *George* hither quickly.

Draw. What wine please you haue Sir? I'le draw you thats neat *Buffone*.

Car. Away *Neophite*, do as I bid; bring my deare *George* to me Masse here he comes. *Enter George.*

Georg. Welcome Maister *Carlo*.

Carl. What's Supper readie, *George*?

Geor. I sir, almost: will you haue the cloth laid, Maister *Carlo*?

Carl. O, what else; are none of the Gallants come yet?

Georg. None yet sir.

Carl. Stay, take me with you *George*: let me haue a good fat Loine of Porke laid to the fire presently.

Georg. It shall sir.

Carl. And withall, heare you? draw me the biggest shaft you haue out of the But you wot of: away, you know my meaning *George*, quick.

George. Done sir. *Exit.*

Carl. S'bloud, I neuer hungred so much for thing in my life, as I doe to knowe our Gallants successe at the Court: now is that leane Blad-rid *Macilente*, that salt Villaine, plotting some mischieuous deuise, and lies a soking in their frothy Humours like a drie crust, till he has drunke 'hem all vp: could the Kecke but hold vp's eyes at other mens happinesse in any reasonable proportion, S'lid the slaue were to be loued next Heauen, aboue Honour, Wealth, rich Fare, Apparell, Wenches, all the delights of the Bellie, and the Groine, whatsoeuer.

Georg. Here, maister *Carlo*.

Carl. Is't right, Boy?

Geor. I sir, I assure you 'tis right.

Carl. Well said, my deare *George*, depart: Come, my small Gimblet, you in the false scabberd, away; *Puts forth the Drawer:* Now to you sir *Burgomaster*, let's tast of your Bounty.

GREX.

Mit. What, will he deale vpon such quantities of wine alone.

Cord. You shall perceiue that sir. *He drinkes.*

Carl. I

Carl. I mary sir, here's puritie. O *George*, I could bite of thy nose for this now: Sweete Rogue, he has drawne *Nectar*, the very soule of the Grape: I'le wash my temples with some on't presently: and drinke some halfe a score draughts; 'twill heate the Braine, kindle my imagination, I shall talke nothing but Crackers and Fire-worke to night. So sir; Please you to bee here sir, and I here: So.

He sets the two cups asunder, and first drinkes with the one, and pledges with the other.

GREX. Cord. This is worth the obseruation, Signior.

Carl. 1 *cap.* Now sir, here's to you; and I present you with so much of my loue.

2 *Cup.* I take it kindly from you sir. (*Drinkes.*) And wil return you the like proportion: but withall sir, remembering the merrie night we had at the Countesses; you know where sir.

1 *Cup.* By Iesu you doe put me in mind now of a very necessary office, which I wil propose in your pledge sir: The health of that honorable Countesse, & the sweet Lady that sat by her sir.

2 I do vail to it with reuerence. (*Drinks.*) 2 And now Signior, with these Ladies, I'le be bold to mixe the health of your Diuine Mistresse. 1 Doe you know her sir? 2 O Lord sir, I, and in the respectfull memorie and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most pretious drugge in the world.

1 Good faith sir you doe honor me in't exceedingly. (*Drinks.*)

GREX.

Mit. } Whom should he personate in this, Signior?
Cord. } Faith I know not sir, obserue, obserue him.

2 If it were the baseft filth or mud that runnes in the channell, I am bound to pledge it by God sir. (*Drinks.*) And now sir, here is againe a repleniſht bowle sir, which I will *reciprocally* returne vpon you to the health of the *Count Frugale*. 1 The *Count Frugales* health sir? I'le pledge it on my knees by Iesu. 2 Will you sir? I'le drinke it on my knees then, by the Lord. (*Drinkes*)

GREX.

Mit. } Why this is straunge.
Cor. } Ha' you hard a better drunken Dialogue?

2 Nay,

2 Nay, do me right Sir. 1. So I do in good faith. 2. Good faith you do not; mine was fuller. 1. Why, by Iesu it was not. 2. By Iesu it was, and you do lie. 1. Lie sir. 2. I sir. 1. S'wounds you rascall. 2. O, come, stab, if you haue a mind to it. 1. Stab? dost thou thinke I dare not? (*In his owne person*) Nay, I beseech you Gentlemen, what meanes this; nay looke, for shame respect your reputations.

Ouerturnes wine, pot, cups, and all.

Enter Macilente.

Mac. Why how now *Carlo*, what Humor's this?

Car. O my good Mischief, art thou come? where are the rest? where are the rest?

Mac. Faith three of our Ordinance are burst.

Carl. Burst, how comes that?

Mac. Faith, ouer-charg'd, ouer-charg'd.

Carl. But did not the traine hold?

Mac. O yes, and the poore Lady is irrecouerably blowne vp.

Carl. Why, but which of the Munition is miscarried? ha?

Mac. Imprimis, Sir *Puntarvolo*: next, *the Countenance*, and *Resolution*.

Carl. How? how for the loue of God?

Mac. Troth the *Resolution* is proou'd Recreant; the *Countenance* hath chang'd his Coppie; and the Passionate Knight, is shedding Funerall teares ouer his departed Dogge.

Carl. What's his Dogge dead?

Mac. Poison'd 'tis thought; marry how, or by whom, that's left for some Cunning woman heere o'the Banke-side to resolue: For my part, I know nothing, more than that we are like to haue an exceeding Melancholly Supper of it.

Carl. S'life, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merry: I had drunke off a good Preparatiue of old Sacke heere: but will they come, will they come?

Mac. They will assuredly come; marry *Carlo* (as thou lou'st me) runne ouer 'hem all freely to night, and especially the Knight; spare no *Sulphurious* jeast that may come out of that sweatie Forge of thine, but ply 'hem with all manner of Shot,

Minion,

Minion, Saker, Culverine, or any thing what thou wilt.

Carl. I warrant thee my deare Cale of *Petrione*, so stand I not in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

Maci. Why my good *Germane* Tapster, I will.

Carl. What *George. Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.* *Dauncets.*

Georg. Did you call, Master *Carlo*?

Carl. More *Nectar, George, Lomtero, &c.*

Geor. Your meat's ready sir, and your company were come.

Carl. Is the Loine of Porke enough?

Geor. I Sir, it is enough.

Maci. Porke? S'heart what dost thou with such a greasie Dish; I thinke thou dost Varnish thy face with the fat on't, it lookes so like a Glew-pot.

Carl. True, my Raw-bon'd Rogue: and if thou would'st farce thy leane Ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged Lathes) rub out so many Dubletes as they do: but thou knowest not a good Dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the world: No maruaile though that saucie stubborne Generation the *Iewes*, were forbidden it: for what would they ha'done, well pamper'd with fat Porke, that durst murmure at their maker out of Garlicke and Onions. S'blood fed with it, the horson strummell patch, Goggle-ey'd Grumbledories, would ha' Gigantomachiz'd. Well said my sweet *George*, fill, fill.

GREX.

Mit, Cor. This sauours too much of Prophanation. *O seruetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi cõstet.* The necessitie of his vaine compels a tolleration; for, barre this, and dash him out of Humor before his time.

Carl. Tis an *Axiome*, in Naturall Philosophie, *What comes nearest the nature of that it feeds, cõuerts quicker to nourishmẽt, & doth sooner essentiate.* Now nothing in flesh and Entrailes, *assimulates* or resembles Man more, then a Hog or Swine. (*Drinkes*)

Maci. True; and hee (to requite their courtesie) oftentimes doffeth off his owne nature, and puts on theirs; as when hee becomes as churlish as a Hogge, or as a drunke ar a Sow: but to

your conclusion. (*Drinkes*)

Car. Mary I say, nothing resembling Man more than a Swine, it followes, nothing can be more nourishing: for indeed (but that it abhorres from our nice Nature) if we fed one vpon another, we should shoot vp a great deale faster, and thriue much better: I referre me to your Long-lane *Cannibales*, or such like: but since 'ti so contrary, Porke, Porke is your only feed.

Maci. I take it your Deuill be of the same Diet; hee would ne're ha' desir'd to beene incorporated into Swine else. O here comes the Malancholly messe: vpon 'hem *Carlo* charge, charge

Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius, Sogliardo, Fungoso.

Carl. 'Fore God sir *Puntarvolo*, I am sorrie for your heauines. Body a mee, a shrewd mischaunce: why had you no *Vnicornes* hornes, nor *Bezars* stone about you? ha?

Punt. Sir, I would request you be silent.

Maci. Nay, to him againe.

Carl. Take comfort good knight, if your Cat ha' recouered her Cataract, feare nothing; your Dogges mischance may bee holpen.

Fast. Say how (sweete *Carlo*) for so God mend me, the poore Knights moanes draw me into fellowship of his misfortunes. But be not discouraged good sir *Puntarvolo*, I am content your aduenture shall be performd vpon your Cat.

Maci. I beleeue you Muske-cod I beleeue you, for rather than thou would'st make present repaimēt, thou would'st take it vp on his owne bare returne from *Callice*.

Carl. Nay Gods life, hee ld bee content (so he were well rid out of his company) to pay him fiue for one at his next meeting him in *Paules*, but for your Dogge, sir *Puntar*, if hee be not out-right dead, there is a friend of mine a *Quack-saluer*, shall put life in him againe, that's certaine.

Fung. O no, that comes too late.

Maci. Gods precious Knight, will you suffer this?

Punt. Drawer; get me a Candle and hard waxe presently:

Sog. I, and bring vp supper; for I am so Melancholy.

Carl. Ah Signior, where's your *Resolution*.

Sog. Reso-

Sog. Resolution! hang him rascall: O *Carlo*, if you loue me, do not mention him.

Carl. Why, how so? how so?

Sog. O the arrantst *Crocodile* that euer Christiã was acquainted with. By Iesu, I shall thinke the worse of *Tabacco* while I liue for his sake: I did thinke him to be as tall a man-----

Maci. Nay *Buffone*, the Knight, the Knight.

Car. Sblood, he lookes like an Image carued out of Boxe, full of knots: his face is (for all the world) like a Dutch purse with the mouth downeward; his beard's the Tassels: and hee walkes (let me see) as melancholly as one o' the Masters side in the *Counter*. Do you heare sir *Puntar*?

Punt. Sir, I do entreat you no more, but enioyne you to silence, as you affect your peace.

Carl. Nay but deare Knight vnderstand (here are none but friends, and such as wish you well) I would ha' you do this now: Fleay me your dog presently (but in any case keepe the head) and stuffe his skin well with straw, as ye see these dead monsters at *Bartholmew* faire.

Punt. I shall be sodaine I tell you.

Carl. Or if you like not that sir, giue mee somewhat a lesse dog and clap into the skin; here's a slaue about the towne here, a Iew, one *Tohan*, or a fellow that makes periwigs, will glew it on artificially, it shall ne'er bee discern'd: besides, 'twill be so much the warmer for the hound to trauell in you know.

Macil. Sir *Puntarvolo*, Sdeath can you be so patient?

Carl. Or thus sir, you may haue (as you come through Germany) a Familiar for a litle ornothing, shal turne it selfe into the shape of your Dogge, or any thing (what you will) for certaine howers: Gods my life Knight, what do you meane? youle offer no violence, will you? Hold, hold.

Punt. Sblood you slaue, you Bandog you.

Car. As you loue God, stay the enraged knight, Gentlemen.

Punt. By my knighthood, hee that stirres in his rescue, dies, Drawer be gone.

Carl. Murder, murder, murder.

Punt. I, are you houling you Wolfe? Gentlemen, as you tender your liues, suffer no man to enter, till my reuenge bee perfect. Sirha *Buffone*, lie downe; make no exclamations, but downe; downe you Curre, or I will make thy blood flow on my Rapier hilts:

Carl. Sweet knight hold in thy furie, and fore God Ile honour thee more than the Turke dos *Mahomet.*

Punt. Downe (I say.) Whose there?

Const. Here's the Constable, open the dores. *Within.*

Carl. Good *Macilente.*

Punt. Open no dore, if the *Adalantado* of Spaine were here: he should not enter: On, helpe me with the light, Gentlemen, you knocke in vaine sir officer.

Carl. Et tu Brute.

Punt. Sirha close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes by heauen.

Carl. O, O. *They seale vp his lips.*

Const. Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

Mac. Nay good Constable haue patience a little, you shall come in presently, we haue almost done.

Punt. So; now, are you out of your humour sir. Shift Gentlemen. *They all draw & Exeunt.*

Enter Constable with Officers, and stay Briske.

Const. Lady hold vpon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

Fast. Lay hold on me! for what? (panions.

Const. Mary for your riot here sir, with the rest of your com-

Fast. My riot! God's my iudge, take heed what you doe;

Carlo. did I offer any violence?

Const. O sir, you see he is not in case to answere you, and that makes you so peramptorie.

Fast. Peremptorie, Slife I appeale to the Drawers, if I did him any hard measure. *Enter George.*

Gorg. They are all gone, there's none of them will bee laid any hold on.

Const. Well sir, you are like to answere till the rest can bee found out.

Fast. Sbloud

Fast. S'bloud I appeale to *George* here.

Const. Tut *George* was not here: away with him to the *counter* sirs. Come sir, you were best get your selfe dreſt somewhere.

Exeunt. *Manent two Drawers.*

Georg. Good Lord, that maſter *Carlo* could not take heed, & knowing what a Gentleman the Knight is, if he be angrie.

Drawer. A poxe on 'hem, they haue left all the meate on our hands, would they were choakt with it for me.

Enter Macilente.

Mac. What, are they gone sirs?

George. O here's maſter *Macilente.*

Mac. Sirrah *George*, do you see that concealment there? that Napkin vnder the table?

George. Gods so', Signior *Fungoso*!

Mac. Here's a good pawne for the reckoning; be sure you keep him here, & let him not go away til I come again, though he offer to discharge all; I'le returne presently.

George. Sirrah we haue a pawne for the reckoning.

Draw. What? of *Macilente*?

Georg. No; looke vnder the Table.

Fung. I hope all be quiet now; if I can get but forth of this street, I care not. Maſters, I pray you tell me, is the Conſtable gone? *Lookes out vnder the Table.*

George. What? Maſter *Fungoso*?

Fung. Was't not a good deuise the same of me, Sirs?

George. Yes faith: ha' you beene here all this while?

Fung. O God I: good sirs looke and the coaſt be cleare, I'ld faine be going.

George. All's cleare Sir, but the Reckoning; and that you muſt cleare and pay before you goe, I assure you.

Fung. I pay? S'light, I eate not a bit since I came into the house yet.

Draw. Why, you may when you please sir, tis all readie below that was bespoken.

Fung. Bespoken, not by me I hope.

Geo. By you sir? I know not that: but t'was for you and your

companie, I am sure.

Fung. My company? S'lid I was an inuited guest, so I was.

Draw. Faith we haue nothing to doe with that Sir, they're all gone but you, and wee must be answerd; that's the short and they long on't.

Fung. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my Masters, then would this Pot, Cup, and all were in my belly, if I haue a crosse about me.

Georg. What, and haue such Apparell? Doe not say so, Signior, that mightily discredits your cloathes.

Fung. By Iesu the Taylor had all my money this morning, and yet I must be faine to alter my Sute too: good Sirs, let me goe, 'tis Friday night; and in good truth I haue no stomack in the world to eate any thing.

Draw. That's no matter so you pay Sir.

Fung. Pay? Gods light, with what conscience can you aske me to pay that I neuer dranke for?

Georg. Yes Sir, I did see you drinke once.

Fung. By this Cup (which is *siluer*) but you did not, you doe me infinite wrong, I look't in the pot once indeed, but I did not drinke.

Draw. Well sir, if you can satisfie my Maister, it shall be all one to vs. By and by. *One calls George within.*

Exeunt.

GREX.

Cord. Loose not your selfe now, Signior

Enter Macilente and Deliro.

Maci. Tut sir, you did beare too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my loue to you most transparant, in spight of any dust of suspition, that may be raised to dimme it: and henceforth since I see it is so against your Humor, I will neuer labour to persuade you.

Deli. Why I thanke you Signior, but what's that you tell me may concerne my peace so much?

Mac. Faith sir, 'tis thus: Your wifes brother Signior *Fungoso* being at supper to night at a Taverne with a sort of Gallants: there

there happened some diuision amongst'hem, and he is left in pawne for the Reckoning: now if euer you look that time shall present you with a happie occasion to doe your wife some gracious & acceptable seruice, take hold of this opportunitie, and presently go and redeeme him; for being her brother, and his credit so amply engaged as now it is, when she shall heare (as he cannot himselfe, but hee must of extremitie report it) that you came and offered your self so kindly, and with that respect of his Reputation, S'lud the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow mad of your affections.

Deli. Now by heauen *Macilente*, I acknowledge my selfe exceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your loue; and I am sorry to remember that I was euer so rude to neglect a friend of your worth, bring me shoes and a cloke there, I was going to bed if you had not come, what Tauerne is it?

Mac. The Mitre sir.

Deli. O; why *Fido*, my shoes. Good faith it cannot but please her exceedingly. *Enter Fallace.*

Fall. Come, I marle what peece of nightworke you haue in hand now, that you call for your cloake and your shoes: what is this your Pandor?

Deli. O sweet wife speake lower, I would not he should heare thee for a world--

Fall. Hang him rascall, I cannot abide him for his treacherie, with his wild quicke-set beard there. Whither goe you now with him?

Deli. No whither with him deare wife, I go alone to a place, from whence I will returne instantly. Good *Macilente* aquaint not her with it by any meanes, it may come so much the more accepted, frame some other answere, I'le come backe immediatly. *Exit Deliro.*

Fall. Nay, and I be not worthie to know whither you go, stay till I take knowledge of your comming backe.

Mac. Heare you Mistres *Deliro.*

Fall. So sir, and what say you?

Mac. Faith Ladie, my intents will not deserue this slight re-

spect

ſpect, when you ſhall know them. (ſake?

Fall. Your intents? why, what may your intent be for Gods

Mac. Troth the time allows no circumſtance Lady, therfore know, this was but a deuiſe to remoue your husband hence, & beſtow him ſecurely, whil'ſt (with more conueniencie) I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to Monſieur *Briske*; nay comfort ſweet Lady. This night (being at ſupper) a ſort of young Gallants committed a Riot, for the which he (only) is apprehended and carried to the *Counter*, where if your husband and other Creditors ſhould but haue knowledge of him, the poore Gentleman were vndone for euer.

Fall. Ay me, that he were,

Maci. Now therefore, if you can thinke vpon any preſent meanes for his deliuerie, do not foreſlow it: A bribe to the Officer that committed him, will doe it.

Fall. O God ſir, he ſhall not want for a bribe; pray you, will you commend me to him, and ſay I'le viſite him preſently.

Mac. No Lady, I ſhall do you better ſeruice in protracting your husbands returne, that you may goe with more ſafetie.

Exit.

Fall. Good truth ſo you may; farewell good ſir. Lord how a woman may be miſtaken in a man? I would haue ſworne vpon all the Teſtaments in the world he had not lou'd maſter *Briske*. Bring me my keyes there mayd: Alaſſe good Gentleman, if all I haue i' this earthly world will pleaſure him, it ſhall be at his ſeruice, *Exit.*

ORE.

Mit. How *Macilente* ſweats i' this buſineſſe, if you mark him

Cord. I, you ſhall ſee the true picture of ſpight anon, here comes the Pawne and his Redeemer.

Enter Delire, Fungoſo, Drawer following them.

Deli. Come brother, be not diſcourag'd for this man, what?

Draw. No truly, I am not diſcourag'd, but I proteſt to you, Brother, I haue done imitating anie more Gallants either in purſe or apparell, but as ſhall become a Gentleman for good carriage or ſo.

Deli. You

Deli. You say well. This is all i'the bill here? is't not?

Georg. I Sir.

Deli. There's your money, tell it: and Brother, I am glad I met with so good occasion to shew my loue to you.

Fung. I will studie to deserue it in good truth, and I liue.

Deli. What is't right?

Geor. I Sir, and I thanke you. (is paid.

Fung. Let me haue a Capons legge sai'd, now the reckoning

Geor. You shall Sir. *Exit.* *Enter Maci.*

Maci. Where's Signior *Delire*?

Deli. Here *Macilente.*

Maci. Harke you sir; ha'you dispatcht this same?

Deli. I marry haue Id

Maci. Well then, I can tell you news, *Briske* is i'the Counter.

Deli. I'the Counter?

Mac. 'Tis true Sir, committed for the stirre here to night. Now would I haue you send your brother home afore, with the report of this your kindnesse done him to his sister, which will so pleasingly possesse her, and out of his mouth too, that i'the meane time you may clap your Action on *Briske*, and your wife (being in so happie a mood) cannot entertaine it ill by any meanes.

Deli. 'Tis very true, she cannot indeed, I thinke.

Mac. Thinke? why 'tis past thought, you shall neuer meete the like opportunitie, I assure you.

Deli. I will do it. Brother pray you go home afore, this Gent. and I haue some priuate businesse; and tell my sweet wife, Ile come presently.

Fung. I will Brother.

Maci. And Signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally and out of his bountie, your brother has vs'd you. (Doe you see?) made you a man of good Reckoning; redeem'd that you neuer were possest of. Credit; gaue you as Gentlemanlike terms as might be; found no fault with your comming behind the fashion; nor nothing.

Fung. Nay I am out of those Humors now.

Maci. Well, if you be out, keepe your distance, and bee not made a Shot-clog no more. Come Sig. let's make haste. *Exeunt.*

Enter Briske and Fallace.

Fall. O maister *Fastidius*, what pittie is't to see so sweet a man as you are in so soure a place? *and kisse him.*

GREX.

Cord. } As vpon her lips do's shee meane?
Mis. } O, this is to be imagin'd the *Counter* belike?

Fast. Troth faire Lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the Fates, and next of the Constable to haue it so, but, I am pacient, & indeed comforted the more in your kind visitation.

Fall. Nay, you shall be comforted in me more than this, if you please Sir. I sent you word by my brother Sir, that my husband laid to rest you this morning, I know not whether you receiu'd it, or no?

Fast. No beleeue it, sweet Creature, your Brother gaue mee no such *intelligence.*

Fall. O the Lord!

Fast. But has your husband any such purpose?

Fall. O God Maister *Briske*, yes: and therefore be presently discharg'd; for if he come with his Actions vpon you (Lord deliuer you) you are in for one halfe a score yeare; he kept a poore man in Ludgate once, twelue year for *sixteene shillings.* Where's your keeper, for Gods loue call him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you, Lord how my heart trembles! here are no spies? are there?

Fast. No sweete mistresse, why are you in this passion.

Fall. O Christ Maister *Fastidius*, if you knew how I tooke vp my husband to day, when he said he would arrest you; and how I rail'd at him that persuaded him to't, the scholer there, (who on my conscience loues you now) & what care I tooke to send you *intelligence* by my brother; and how I gaue him foure Soueraignes for his paines; and now, how I came running out hether without man or boy with mee, so soone as I heard on't; you'ld say, I were in a passion indeed: your keeper for Gods sake. O maister *Brisk* (as 'tis in *Euphues*) *Hard is the choise, whē on is*

compelled

compelled either by silence to die with grief, or by speaking to liue with shame.

Fast. Faire Ladie I conceiue you, and may this kisse assure you, that where Aduersitie hath (as it were) contracted, Prosperitie shall not —— Gods light your Husband.

Fall. O mee!

Enter Deliro. Macilente.

Deli. I? is't thus!

Maci. Why how now Signior *Deliro*? has the Wolfe seene you? ha? hath *Gergons* head made marble on you?

Deli. Some planet strike me dead.

Maci. Why looke you Sir, I told you, you might haue suspected this long afore, had you pleas'd; and ha'sau'd this labour of Admiration now, and Passion; and such extremities as this fraile lumpe of flesh is subiect vnto. Nay, why do you not dote now Signior? Mee thinkes you should say it were some Enchauntment; *Deceptio visus*, or so, ha? if you could persuade your selfe it were a dreame now, 'twere excellent: faith trie what you can doe Signior; it may bee your Imagination will bee brought to it in time, there's nothing impossible.

Fall. Sweet Husband?

Deli. Out lasciuious Strumpet. *Exit Deliro.*

Maci. What? did you see how ill that stale vain became him afore, of Sweete Wife, and Deare heart? and are you falne iust into the same now? with Sweete Husband. A way, follow him, goe, keepe state: what? Remember you are a woman: turn impudent: gi'him not the head, though you gi'him the hornes, Away. *Exit Fallace.*

And yet me thinks you should take your leaue of *Infans-perdus* here, your forlorne hope. How now Mounsieur *Brisk*: what? Friday at night? & in affectiō too? & yet your *Pulpamenta?* your delicate morsels: I perceiue the affection of Ladies and Gentlewomen, pursues you where soeuer you go Mounsieur.

Fast. Now in good faith (and as I am Gentle) there could not haue come a thing i' this world to haue distracted mee more than the wrinckled fortunes of this poore Dame.

Maci. O yes Sir: I can tell you a thing will distract you much better, beleeue it. Signior *Deliro* has entred three Actions against you, three Actions Mounsieur: marry one of them (Ile put you in comfort) is but three thousand mark, and the other two some fiue thousand pound together, trifles, trifles.

Fast. O God, I am vndone.

Maci. Nay not altogether so Sir, the Knight must haue his hundred pound repai'd, that 'll helpe too, and then sixscore pound for a Diamond: you know where? these be things will weigh Mounsieur; they will weigh.

Fast. O Iesu!

Maci. What doe you sigh? this it is to kisse the hand of a Countesse, to haue hir Coach sent for you, to hang Poniards in Ladies garters, to weare Bracelets of their haire, and for euery one of these great fauours to giue some slight Iewell of fiue hundred crownes, or so; why 'tis nothing. Now Mounsieur, you see the plague that treads o' the heeles of your fopperie, well, goe your waies in; Remoue your selfe to the two-penny ward quickly to saue charges, and there set vp your rest to spend Sir *Puntars* hundred pound for him. Away good *Pomardo*, goe.

Exit Briske.

Why here's a change: Now is my soule at peace,
I am as empty of all Enuie now,
As they merrit to be enuied at.
My Humor (like a flame) no longer lasts
Than it hath stuffe to feed it, and their vertue,
Being now rak't vp in embers of their Folly,
Affords no ampler Subiect to my Spirit;
I am so farre from malicing their states,
That I begin to pittie them: it greeues me
To thinke they haue a *being*; I could wish
They might turne wise vpon it, and be sau'd now,
So Heauen were pleas'd: but let them vanish Vapors.
And now with *Aspers* tongue (though not his shape)
Kind *Patrons* of our sports (you that) can iudge,
And with discerning thoughts measure the space

Of our ſtraunge Muſe in this her *Maze* of Humor,
You, whoſe true Notions doe confine the formes
And nature of ſweete *Poeſie*) to you
I tender ſolemne and moſt durious thanks,
For your ſtretch patience and attentiue grace.
We know (and we are pleas'd to know ſo much)
The Cates that you haue taſted were not ſeaſon'd
For euery vulgar Pallat, but prepar'd
To banket pure and apprehenſiue eares:
Let then their Voices ſpeake for our deſert;
Be their *Applauſe* the Trumpet to proclaime
Defiance to rebelling Ignorance,
And the greene ſpirits of ſome tainted Few,
That (ſpight of pittie) betray themſelues
To Scorne ond Laughter; and like guiltie Children,
Publiſh their *infancie* before their time,
By their owne fond exception: Such as theſe
We pawne 'hem to your *cenſure*, tell Time, Wit,
Or Obſeruation, ſet ſome ſtronger ſeale
Of *iudgement* on their iudgements; and entreat
The happier ſpirits in this faire-fild Globe,
(So many as haue ſweet minds in their breaſts,
And are too wiſe to thinke themſelues are taxt
In any generall Figure, or to vertuous
To need that wiſedomes imputation:)
That with their bounteous *Hands* they would confirme
This, as their pleaſures *Pattent*: which ſo ſign'd,
Our leaue nnd ſpent Endeuours ſhall renue
Their Beauties with the *Spring* to ſmile on you.

FINIS.

IT had another *Cataſtrophe* or Concluſion, at the firſt Playing: which (DIA TO TEN BASILISSAN PROSOPOPOESTHAI) many ſeem'd not to reliſh it; and therefore 'twas ſince altered: yet that a right-eyd and ſolide Reader may perceiue it was not ſo great a part of the Heauen awry, as they would make it; we requeſt him but to looke downe vpon theſe following Reaſons.

1 *There hath bene* Preſident *of the like Preſentation in diuerſe Playes: and is yeerely in our Cities* Pageants *or ſhewes of* Triumph.

2 *It is to be conceiu'd, that* Macilente *being ſo ſtrongly poſſeſt with* Enuie, *(as the* Poet *here makes him) it muſt be no ſleight or common* Obiect, *that ſhould effect ſo ſodaine and ſtrange a cure vpon him, as the putting him cleane out of his Humour.*

3 *If his* Imagination *had diſcourſt the whole world ouer for an* Obiect, *it could not haue met with a more Proper, Eminent, or worthy* Figure, *then that of her Maieſties: which his* Election *(though boldly, yet reſpectiuely) vſ'd to a* Morall and Myſterious *end.*

4 *His greedineſſe to catch at any* occaſion, *that might expreſſe his affection to his* Soueraigne, *may worthily plead for him.*

5 *There was nothing (in his examin'd* opinion) *that could more neare or truly exemplifie the power and ſtrength of her inualuable Vertues, then the working of ſo perfect a Miracle on ſo oppoſ'd a Spirit, who not only perſiſted in his* Humor, *but was now come to the* Court, *with a purpoſ'd reſolution (his Soule as it were vow dreſt in* Enuie) *to maligne at any thing that ſhould front him: when ſodainly (againſt expectation, and all ſteele of his* Malice) *the very wonder of her Preſence ſtrikes him to the earth dumbe, and aſtoniſht. From whence riſing and recouering heart, his* Paſſion *thus vtters it ſelfe.*

Maci. Bleſſe, Diuine, Vnblemiſht, Sacred, Pure,
Glorious immortall, and indeed *Immenſe*;
O that I had a world of Attributes,

To

To lend or adde to this high *Maiestie*:
Neuer till now did *Obiect* greet mine eyes
With any light Content: but in her *Graces*
All my malitious Powers haue lost their stings:
Enuie is fled my Soule at sight of her,
And shee hath chac'd all blacke thoughts from my bosome,
Like as the *Sunne* doth darknesse from the world.
My streame of *Humor* is run out of me:
And our Cities *Torrent* (bent t'infect
The hallow'd bowels of the siluer *Thames*)
Is checkt by strength and clearenesse of the Riuers,
Till it hath spent it selfe e'ene at the shore?
So in the ample and vnmeasur'd Flood
Of her *Perfections*, are my *Passions* drown'd:
And I haue now a *spirit* as sweet and cleere,
As the most rarefi'd and subtill Aire;
With which, and with a heart as pure as Fire,
(Yet humble as the Earth) doe I implore, *He kneeles.*
O *Heauen*: that Shee (whose *Figure* hath effected
This change in me) may neuer suffer Change
In her Admir'd and happie Gouernment:
May still this *Iland* be call'd *Fortunate*,
And Rugged *Treason* tremble at the sound
When *Fame* shall speake it with an *Emphasis*.
Let forraine *Pollicie* be dull as Lead,
And pale *Inuasion* come with halfe a heart
When he but lookes vpon her blessed Soile:
The Throat of *Warre* be stopt within her Land,
And Turtle-footed *Peace* daunce fairie Rings
About her Court; where neuer may there come
Suspect or *Daunger*, but all *Trust* and *Safetie*:
Let *Flatterie* be dumbe, and *Enuie* blind
In her dread Presence: *Death* himselfe admire her:
And may her *Vertues* make him to forget
The vse of his ineuitable hand.
Fly from her *Age*; Sleepe *Time* before her Throne,

Our

Our strongest wall fals downe when she is gone.

Here the Trumpets sound a flourish, in which time Macilente conuerts himselfe to them that supply the place of GREX, and speakes.

GREX.

Mac. How now sirs? how like you it? has't not bene tedious?

Cor. Nay, we ha' done censuring now.

Mit. Yes faith.

Mac. How so?

Cor. Mary because we'le imitate your Actors, and be out of our Humors. Besides, here are those (round about you) of more abilitie in Censure then we, whose iudgements can giue it a more satisfying Allowance: wee'le referre you to them.

Mac. I? is't e'en so? Well, Gentlemen, I should haue gone in, and return'd to you as I was *Asper* at the first: but (by reason the shift would haue bene somewhat long, and we are loth to draw your patience any farder) wee'le intreat you to imagine it. And now (that you may see I will be out of my Humor for Company) I stand wholly to your kind Approbation, and (indeed) am nothing so peremptorie as I was in the beginning: Marie I will not do as *Plautus* in his *Amphitryo* for all this (*Summi Iouis causa, Plaudite:*) begge a *Plaudite* for Gods sake; but if you (out of the bountie of your good liking) will bestow it; why, you may (in time) make leane *Macilente* as fat as *Sir Iohn Fall-staffe.*

Exeunt.

Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor

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